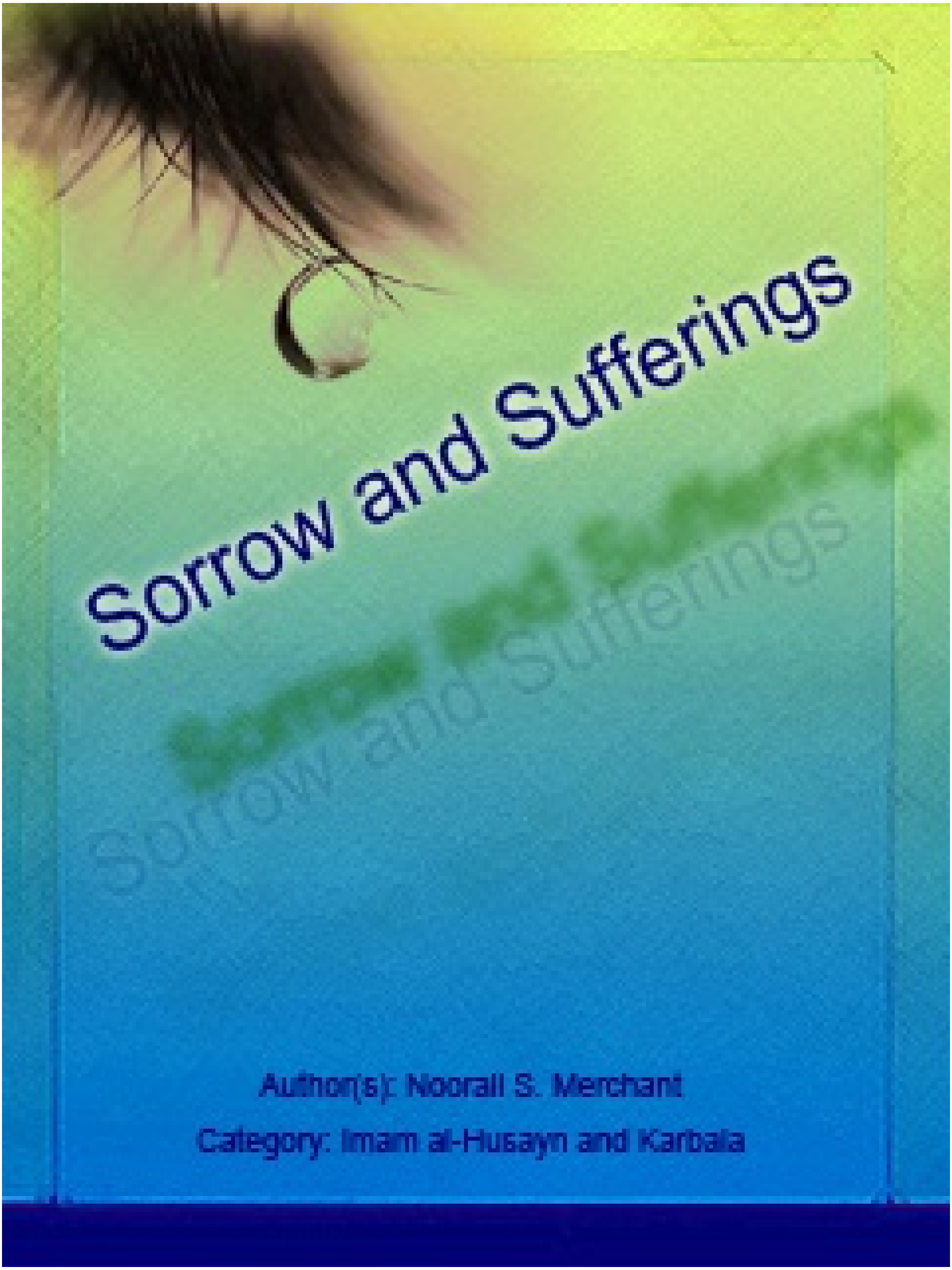

Sorrow and Sufferings
Author(s): Noorali S. Merchant
Category: Imam al-Husayn and Karbala

بسم الله الرحمن الرحیم

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point

A Collection of Poems on the martyrdom of Imam Husayn (a), and 'what others have .'(to say about Imam Husayn (a

The Scene Prior To Islam (1)

It was a desolate land: sandy, barren, and unfriendly

The home of the Arabs; wild ferocious and manly

They worshipped the idols; they loved to fight

Life to them was wine, women and might

,The number of wives, the cattle they owned

,The number of slaves, one's house adorned

;Was a sign of rank in wealth and might

.It was a society, where Might was Right

Two qualities they had, which were good

The guests they honored, with best of food

Poetry to them, was an art supremely sublime

.They were literary geniuses of their time

They killed female babes, they buried them alive

They married the widows, their father's wives

Vengeance was a passion, cruel the strife

.These sons of desert, such was their life

Morals they had none; wild was their lust

Women were cattle, treated like dust

Enjoyment of life was their sole goal

.Woman, they believed, had no soul

They had no belief in the life Hereafter

Life to them was all fun and laughter

Prophets had come and prophets had gone

.Still, this land was of truth shorn

Judaism was dead; Christianity was in name

Sickly and forlorn, the world remained

Vengeance, to them, was an article of faith

.Blindly, they relished their creed of hate

The priests were interpreters of heavenly laws

They commanded respect and were held in awe

Things that were unlawful, to them were allowed

;A privileged class

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.they were haughty and proud

In span of four thousand and odd years

Innumerable religions had been reared

With passage of time, they were polluted

.Beyond recognition, each got diluted

The true religions were only in name

It was virtually a devils reign

Truth was at a discount; honesty had fled

.Virtue was scoffed at; goodness was dead

This land was thus chosen for God's last message

It was the crossroad of international passage

,The last of message was thus destined

.To stay forever and cover all mankind

Birth Of Islam (۲)

God chose the Hashemites, a tribe of Quraish

They were among men, the noblest of race

He raised among them, a self-literate boy

.To deliver His message; to bring them joy

Muhammad was his name, whom God had chose

Al-Amin (the truthful) called him his foes

The keeper of KAABA, was his grand sire

.A rank than which, there was none higher

,Adam, Nooh, Ibrahim, Ismail, Moosa

Daa-ood, Eesa and other Prophets of Allah

,Testified that, from time immemorial, Muhammad Mustafa

Had been proclaimed the seal of Prophets of Allah

He lost his sire, ere he was born

Five years later, his mother was gone

,Abd-al-Motalib was his grand sire

.Two years later, he too expired

The orphan boy was now his uncle's charge

Abu Talib was glad, this responsibility, to discharge

He looked after the boy as his own son

.So long he lived, dared touch him none

He was of a reserved bent of mind

With burning desire, solace he tried to find

In the marvels of nature and forms diverse

.He tried to fathom the mysteries of universe

;At twenty-five, he married a noble widow

Khadija had watched him by a cloud over-shadow

Though forty, she

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remained in her lifetime, his only wife

.Twenty-five years long was their married life

One daughter they had, named Lady Fatima

Through her were born guardians of KALIMA

She was married to Ali, Abu Talib's son

.He was renowned in courage like a lion

In the House of God was Ali born

It's walls the idols then adorned

They were a hapless witness to his birth

.A man who would soon smash them to earth

These gods of Arabs could find no way

Powerless were they, while Ali in cradle lay

This mortal foe of theirs, was something divine

.His luster made their eyes turn blind

On Muhammad, he first cast his eyes

He was destined with him all his ties

He sucked his tongue, in solemn gait

.In one mould they were cast by fate

Ali grew in the Prophet's care

His joys and sorrows, he shared

He imbibed qualities that are rare

.With him, he made a heavenly pair

Thus Imamat was born as adjunct to Nubuwat

Beyond scope of political intrigues and Satan

Twelve successors were named, by Divine Grace

.To guide, for all times, the human race

Preachings And Initial Struggle (۳)

He preached Islam, as ordained by God

Pure and simple is the MESSAGE of Lord

,There is no God but God"

"!Muhammad is the Messenger of Lord

A most practical religion of selfless love is Islam

To develop body and soul, without causing anyone harm

Most rational and logical in concept

.Viewed from every angle, even in depth

Five fundamental principles he, steadfastly proclaimed

Ten holy commandments he, unambiguously, named

Monotheism, Divine Justice, Prophethood, Imamat

And the day of Resurrection, were the five pillars of Islam's Hut

Five times Namaz, one must pray

,A month's fasting

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during the day

,Zakat, Khums, Pilgrimage, for them, he ordained

.Who fulfilled the conditions, he proclaimed

Defend the honor of Islam and self, he commanded

Disassociate yourself from its enemies, he demanded

Pursuit of missionary activities, out of love and not hate

."Love and loyalty, he sought, for his "Ahle-bait

'He taught them the 'Unity of God

And the diverse attributes of the Lord

He was the giver of daily bread

.On the Judgement Day, He would raise all dead

God is the focal point of all life

Through Him flows peace, driving out strife

,If man joyfully submits himself to Him

.This life, and hereafter, he would win

God created human beings, out of His Grace

Best of creation was the human race

,He endowed it with such guiding light

.To discern the wrong from the right

A heavenly reward for the doer of good

And for those, who for truth stood

A blazing hell for the doer of evil

.Who shall dwell with the king of the devils

He cultivated the values of life

Equal partners were man and wife

A man was brother, one to another

.Respect they should, their father and mother

,Those who look after the needy orphans

The anger of God would be softened

,Those who care for the uncared widows

.Can aspire for heaven's meadows

,And those who treat their slaves well

Shall not normally taste the fire of hell

,Those who free them from bondage

.Shall generally be immune from hell's rage

Truth was the base of all his teachings

Unity of God, a constant theme of his preaching

Charity, love and faith were to him most sublime

Brotherhood, was his solution for the ills of mankind

His offer was not

,of sensual heaven

As alleged by biased heathens

But a bliss of highest spiritual essence

.Of enjoying the radiance of Divine presence

Live in this world and yet be out of it

Self discipline; not celibacy is the holy writ

Physical body is, indeed, perishable but not the soul

.Service before self should be life's goal

He first invited his near if kin

And declared to them his mission

He asked whether he had ever told a lie

.No never"! In one voice, was their reply"

'He invited them to the path of 'truth

A path which in heaven had its roots

Blessed would they be, in this world and the next

.Most fortunate possessors of the Divine text

Who, among you, will be my brother and heir"

".And with me God's mission share

They exchanged glances; they ridiculed and scorned

.Only Ali stood by him, alone and forlorn

Thrice did he repeat his request

Each time only Ali rose to his behest

,Holding him by his hand, he declared

"!Behold, he is my brother and heir"

In public he now started to preach

But soon a stage was reached

When like a fugitive he was stoned

.And place to place, forced to roam

For years was thus his plight

Only Ali aided him in his fight

Far and few were the conversions

.So fierce was the persecution

,In burning sand, with stones on his chest

;A new convert stood his gallant test

,Ahadun! Ahadun!" (One God) Bilal cried"

.But refused his faith to be decried

,Such were the tortures they had to face

For believing in God and the new faith

Handful were they, old men, mostly slaves

.With courage, all difficulties they braved

A day soon came, when

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it was declared

That those who could, to Abysinia, should migrate

Few persons made up the small group

.Ja'far, Ali's brother, commanded this troop

The Quraish were furious; they sent their envoys

They requested the king to return the exiles

The king was just; he rejected their plea

.He sheltered the poor Muslim refugees

The wrath of Quraish reached the boiling point

To murder Muhammad, they planned conjoint

They chose a person, one from each tribe

.So that no vengeance could take the Hashemites

The plans to Muhammad, God soon revealed

And desired, that he should ward the evil

And leave for Medina, the same very night

.Letting Ali sleep in his bed and aid his flight

,Soon was the house surrounded by those

Armed cap-a-pie were each of the foes

With handful of dust, Muhammad blew his fist

.And calmly walked through their midst

They raided his house, ere it was morn

;Surprised to see Ali, the bed adorn

"?Where is Muhammad?" they demanded, "where is he"

"?Did you entrust him to me, that you ask of me"

Foiled in their attempt, they started a search

Dead or alive, capture him", they urged"

Thus started a hunt, for three days long

.They searched all over, including caves

The Prophet's companion became scared

As enemies' shouts increasingly filled the air

We are lost, we two", helplessly, he cried"

.No! We are three, for God is with us". Muhammad replied"

Tired and forlorn, he slept under a tree

"?When rushed a foe: " who will now save thee

,God", was the reply; it thunder struck the foe"

.Trembling, he dropped his sword and bowed

Who will now save thee?" Muhammad cried"

Alas, none!" the foe imploringly replied"

Learn from"

me to be merciful" he said

.As was his want, he pardoned him instead

He reached Medina, a poor fugitive

Except a new way of life, he had nothing to give

Yet, he was welcomed with open arms

This was a turning point for Islam

He paired them, one with the other

And showed the brotherhood, how to further

Himself with Ali, he lovingly paired

.Because the same heavenly light, they shared

The Origins Of Karbala's Tragedy (۴)

Life is an eternal conflict of truth and evil

God having granted power to the devil

To rule the hearts of those who love this world

.And care not the banner of truth to unfurl

The forces of darkness were perturbed

For soon their kingdom would be disturbed

At first, they ridiculed and scoffed

.To their dismay, they found themselves dwarfed

They fumed and fret; threatened and cajoled

They offered Muhammad a chief's role

They asked him to stop preaching Islam

.Or else they would cause him bodily harm

Abu Sufyan was their chief – a mortal foe

The grandson of Ommaya, the lowest of low

The progeny of Abd Shams, the brother of Hashim

.They were steeped in enmity, which was ever lasting

Envious were they, of the position of Hashim

Whom God had honored with things everlasting

Muhammad was thus their bitter foe

.Whom they longed to see cast low

Karun, Firaun, Namarood and Suddad

The four aces of arch-devil Iblis' cards

Were the brains behind the notorious Abu Sufyan

.To destroy Islam and cause Muhammad harm

Harut and Marut, the two fallen angels, were glad

The four Aces had mastered everything evil and bad

Abu Sufyan became their living agent

.To them his services he joyfully lent

,They issued the call

they summoned aid

Each helper, they said, would be well paid

,Thus started persecution of the new faith

.With all means that symbolized envy and hate

,They thought to themselves, the easiest way

?We are Muslims why not say

Hit from within the Hashemites

.That would throttle Islam, without a fight

The decree of God none can stop

It flows like a river, with a drop to start

None can withhold its onward march

.Be they friends or foes at large

And so was the case with Islam's flow

Many became Muslims, just for show

Pagans at heart, they hid their line

.To wreck vengeance, in course of time

They behaved as friends; they cloaked their pretense

For Muslims in name, were they from hence

They spread their tentacles, in many homes

.They tightened their grip over Islam's dome

Ali, they knew, was the seedling's strength

To guard it, he would go to any length

He would with pleasure sacrifice his rights

.Rather than see Islam hurt in a fight

They knew, that Ali was just a lad

When his mission, the Prophet declared

He was among the first to profess Islam

.And stand by the Prophet through storm and calm

When others ridiculed and threatened

He stood, by him alone, and unfrightened

He declared him his brother and heir

.Destined to serve and his mission share

They had heard Muhammad at Khybar declare

This Alam is for one whose qualities are rare"

He is the beloved of Muhammad and his God

".Ever victorious is he, in the cause of Lord

They had had also heard the sermon at Ghadir-e-khum

It left, for doubt, hardly any room

Ali was Muhammad's heir, by God's decree

Assigned to keep Islam pure

.and free

They had watched him even before

How Ali in stature grew more and more

He slept in Prophet's bed in the midst of strife

.While hundreds lay in ambush, each with a knife

The Prophet's end was drawing near

The dissension started, as he had feared

He ordered the dissenter's to go to war

.But they guessed what the order was for

Death of the Prophet was a grievous blow

Old enmities erupted like a volcano

,Busy with the funeral were the Hashemites

.Unheedful of the maneuverings and internal strife

Abu Bakr was declared Caliph in the interim

He soon nominated Omar, to succeed him

The Caliphate became, thereafter, Othman's turn

.Before the mantle, despite opposition, on Ali dawned

Ali, with his characteristic zeal, lost no time

He acted sternly, to save Islam from further decline

Firmly entrenched in power by now, the Ommayad's frowned

.And dared the simple and straightforward Ali for a showdown

The hero of Islam knew neither malice nor fear

Renowned warriors had fled before him from the rear

He defeated the crafty Moawiyah, time and again

.But alas! Treachery and trickery ultimately gained

!The internal rot had spread too deep, alas

Corruption and nepotism was practiced en-masse

Ali, had soon to pay with his dear and precious life

.Engrossed in prayers, he was struck with a knife

,And so was the case with his eldest son

Most generous of all men was Hassan

He was fond of recluse and quietude

.He was the symbol of patience and fortitude

The roots of seedling were still shallow

A little shake up would render the ground fallow

Muhammad's labor would thus be wasted

.Before the world its fruit had tasted

And thus the

treaty with Moawiyah Hassan chose

Rather than fight him like an open foe

The time was not ripe for the showdown

.A lot remained for preparing the ground

This he knew would fall to Husayn's lot

To put his foot down and stop the rot

It would cost his life there was no doubt

.But it had to be timed the tyranny to oust

Yazid's Demand For Allegiance (۵)

In the treaty which Hassan and Moawiyah signed

Moawiyah had himself agreed; it was underlined

The question of successor, would not be imposed

.But be left to Muslims as they pleased to dispose

No sooner was the said treaty signed

A campaign was re-started, Ali's name to malign

And to build up Yazid, against people's voice

.As heir to the Caliphate, the best of choice

With rise of Moawiyah, virtue was shamelessly replaced

The democratic rule of Islam, was likewise displaced

The oligarichal rule of heathen was triumphant

.The attendant vice and immorality were rampant

The wealth from his subjects, he pitilessly extracted

He lavished on the mercenaries, who were fully protected

They, in turn, helped to repress ruthlessly all murmuring

.With fraud and treachery, were smashed all rumblings

Before he died, Moawiyah summoned his aides

The oath of fealty to Yazid, he made them take

This was Yazid's solitary title to the Caliphate

.It was assumed, as if it was his father's heritage

Cruel and treacherous was he, as notorious as his father

He lacked pretence, to cloak the game of murder

His depraved nature knew absolutely no pity or justice

.He was addicted to the vilest and grossest of vices

His friends were outcasts of both sexes

He killed and tortured for pleasure and taxes

Such

was the Caliph, Commander of the Faithful

.A being, whose entire bearings, was most hateful

Husayn was in Medina; a message was received

By the local governor, in an envelope sealed

Obtain his allegiance, was the strict command

.Kill him on the spot, if he refuses the demand

The governor was unnerved, he was perplexed

To kill Husayn in Medina was no easy t ask

He consulted Marwan; he summoned Husayn

.Who well knew Yazid's dirty and nefarious game

Husayn point blank refused to acknowledge

The title of tyrant; of falsehood and subterfuge

His character, he regarded with contempt and abhorrence

.His vices he despised, no less than his arrogance

He returned to his grandfather's earthly abode

He dreamt of the Prophet, in tearful voice he spoke

,O, son of mine, O thou art a part of me "

".The enemies are bent to torment and slay thee

Accompanied by Zainab he visited the tomb of his mother

!What a heart rending scene it was; it caused a shudder

It was Husayn's last farewell before the fateful journey

Guided by the unseen hand of – shall we say, Destiny

The fateful hour had arrived for the long awaited fight

Between forces of darkness and Angels of Light

Husayn knew that from childhood he had been reared

.To perform this sacred mission, he knew absolutely no fear

"For Mecca I leave, and then for a place beyond"

For a farewell pilgrimage, the plans were drawn

Hurried preparations were made for the journey

.An unknown destination was on the itinerary

The Journey To Mecca (۶)

It was ۲۶th of Rajab sixty–first of Hijri

The heat was unbearable, boiling point the degree

The caravan was ready with young

and old

This was the day, the Prophet had foretold

A day will soon came when my dearest Husayn"

Will leave Medina, in indescribable grief and pain

To meet his fateful destiny, in a far off land

"With his family and few friends, a tiny band

With grief in the air, the atmosphere was surcharged

With heavy hearts the Medinites silently watched

,Can it be true that their most beloved Husayn

"?With his family and friends, would all be slain

They pleaded with him to drop the risky journey

He was priceless in all terms, including money

Or take with him their strong young men with arms

Who would ensure him against any possible harm

They also pleaded that Ali Akbar be left behind

So that, when memory of Prophet came to their mind

,They could look to him, for he was his very image

.From head to foot, in looks, mannerism and gait

?Husayn was silent, how could he explain

!Islam was sinking! There were many to be blamed

It was his martyr's cup, how could he reveal

.The plan of God to erase the cancerous evil

He apologized; to grant their wish he was not able

!Such love, such feelings were indeed laudable

He would, however, remember them in his prayer

.His daughter, Sugar, he was leaving to their care

Seriously ill, she cried her heart out

They were leaving her, she had no doubt

Destiny's hand was beckoning the Imam

!Proceed he must, was God's command

Towards holy Mecca the caravan slowly proceeded

A farewell journey: no explanation was needed

The guardian of truth was himself out to uproot

.The weeds of untruth, with his devil destroying boots

From Kufa they

sent an urgent pathetic appeal

In the name of God, from the helpless people

Truth is being trampled, we look to you"

".To oust this tyranny, come to our rescue

You, as our Imam, must heed our solemn call"

And save Islam, from its impending downfall

There is no time to lose, we anxiously await

".Please come at once and do not be late

He knew that treachery is a satanic vile

And the Kufians in this were ahead by miles

Time and again, Ali they had shamelessly betrayed

.Fickleness and shifting loyalty, was their trait

They had addressed him as their Imam

He was, therefore, in painful duty bound

To heed their call, despite past experience

.It was a supreme test for Imam's holy license

Ordinary spiritual beings can easily foretell

The coming events, as well as, misfortune dispel

The fountainhead of spiritualism knew much more

.The things, that were destined for him, in store

He was so attuned to the will of Almighty God

His every act bore the stamp of the Merciful Lord

Destiny's plan had to be implicitly carried out

.By none other than Husayn there was no doubt

As his emissary, he sent his cousin, Muslim Ibn Aqil

;To see things for himself; their pulse to feel

He received a hearty welcome he wrote to Husayn

.Little did he realize their vile, treacherous game

The Betrayal (۷)

Pin drop horrifying silence prevailed all round

The mosque of Kufa stood on hallowed ground

Treachery it had witnessed time and again

.It was the mosque where Ali had been slain

The town crier was reading the Governor's decree

To associate with Muslim will not go free"

He is an emissary of Prophet's

grandson, Husayn

".Who has refused allegiance to Yazid, with disdain

When the prayer was over, Muslim looked back

The mosque was empty, earlier it was packed

He glanced at his host, Hani Ibn Urwah

!No words were needed, only a breath choking, Ah

The packed mosque had just witnessed jubilant scenes

So great was the rush to swear allegiance to Muslim

They had madly jostled and vied with each other

.In honoring Muslim, as Husayn's cousin brother

They exchanged glances, the picture was clear

For their own lives they had absolutely no fear

To inform Master Husayn was the sole prime need

!Whom could they trust? No, none, indeed

Hani rushed out, choked to the brim

He had in his house, two sons of Muslim

He whisked them out by the back door

.For safety's sake, there was no other go

Muhammad and Ibrahim, two innocent lads

Were anxiously awaiting return of their dad

!They were now on the road; alone, all alone

.The cruel treacherous world was now their home

Soon was Hani's house completely surrounded

The hopes he had nourished were soon grounded

He fought the armed troops of upstart Obeidullah

!The odds were too heavy; he prayed to Allah

He was soon overpowered and chained

There was now no hope which remained

His only thought was to inform post haste

To Husayn, of the events and breach of faith

After Hani's departure, he reflected a while

A train of thoughts flowed, mile after mile

Hani was sincere, there was no iota of doubt

.But if in danger, whom could he for help shout

He thought of his sons, the two young kids

In the house of Hani, he hoped they were hid

He

prayed to God to spare him for a little while

.So that, to Husayn, he could send the secret file

It was night, he had no place to go

Tired and forlorn, his walk was slow

Curfew was imposed, no soul stirred out

.The search was on in all possible hideouts

He sat for a while and leaned against the door

The door of a house with an old muddy floor

An old lady came out to see who it was

"?My son! Why do you not return to your house"

?Do you not have a wife nor children"

"!Go and rest, in peace, in your own garden

A lump came to his throat: yet, he sadly smiled

.I come from the house of the Prophet," he replied"

The venerable old lady was in shocking pain

,My God! You are Muslim, the Emissary of Husayn"

!How did I fail to recognize you, O, My Lord

"?What reply will I give to my Most Merciful God

She hid him on the old wooden attic floor

;Extinguished the lights and shut the door

Her son soon returned from his usual rounds

.He was in the army of the Yazidi hounds

,Hani has been beheaded," he declared"

".The search is now on for Muslim and his lads"

The simple old lady was moved to tears

.And confided to her son, her own gnawing fears

The son was elated at the fortunate news

,He pretended sorrow, as a deceitful ruse

"I will soon be back with the two young lads"

.And rushed to his Master, Obeidullah Ibn Ziad

The sound of horses hoofs were approaching near

Muslim was in his prayers; he knew no fear

He

immediately realized, he had been betrayed

!His time was up; he would soon be dead

?The noble lady was aghast! How could she explain

It was her son who had brought her everlasting shame

,Muslim assured Taha that he was absolutely sure

!She was a lover of Husayn and his grandsire

The lane was narrow, it had no width

Two horses abreast could hardly breath

It was an ideal ground for single combat

.Like lion, Muslim ferociously fought

To the enemy, it soon became abundantly plain

It was a futile and sure loosing game

From housetops, they hurled missiles and stones

.Seriously wounded, M٧uslim left his vantage position

He desperately moved forward; they all fell back

So fierce was the charge, they all fled in a pack

To stop him, they thought of a clever ruse

.They dug a trench and had it covered, as subterfuge

He rushed on wielding his sword dexterously

;He fell in the trench, as planned treacherously

The retreating hounds soon swooped down

.In no time, he was heavily chained and bound

In the streets of Kufa, he was soon paraded

Those who had sworn him allegiance, were delighted

They were watching him with perfect equanimity

!As if he was an utter stranger; what rascality

As per Arab custom, I shall fulfill it"

" .Your last wish if you shall reveal it

A glint of hope came to Muslim's eyes

?Why not accept and make this final try

,Obeidullah, if you are true to your word

Fulfill my last wish and inform my lord

To return to Medina, before it is late

.As coming to Kufa, would be a sheer waste

The crafty Obeidullah was absolutely flabbergasted

Spare the lives of my

two sons, he could have suggested

He could not even imagine, how could a person

.Think of his master, when doomed were his sons

Muslim's last wish did not go in vain

Merciful God kindled the heart of one of them

He left Kufa post-haste to fulfill his mission

.And informed Husayn of Muslim's martyrdom

Husayn wept bitterly, as never before

Muslim's daughter realized her father was no more

One pair of earrings, he lovingly gave to her

.And another to Sakina, his child most dear

Are you returning back?" the messenger inquired"

No! I am not," Husayn, very sadly replied"

,As ordained, I am going to meet my destiny"

".And so are my faithful friends, who are with me

The Gems (٨)

On Ashoor night, he called his friends

So pure and noble, each was a rare GEM

To induce them to leave, with their dear ones

.For his sake, he declared, should suffer none

With rolling tears and heads bent down

Their love for Husayn knew no bound

Their burning desire, their goal of life

.Was to defend Husayn, in this strife

It is my life that Yazid desires"

I permit you, one and all, to retire

,The sufferings, you have so far faced

"!Speaks volumes for your loyalty and faith

To avoid embarrassment, he put out the lights

For dark was the night, to aid their flight

When the lights were lit, after quite sometime

.None had moved, even an inch, from the line

?You are to us everything; how can we explain"

Without you, life is nothing!" they exclaimed

Not merely we love, venerate, and adore, he put out the lights"

For dark was the night, to aid their flight

When the

lights were lit, after quite sometime

.None had moved, even an inch, from the line

?You are to us everything; how can we explain"

Without you, life is nothing!" they exclaimed

,Not merely we love, venerate, and adore you"

"!Each single act of yours kindles truth and love anew

Habib, Muslim, Buraire and Zuhair Ibn Kain

Expressed these sentiments, all in one strain

Such devotion, such ecstasy, the world had not seen

.'Even among companions of 'Hayder' nor of 'Al Amin

?What brave souls were these followers of Husayn

?What unique attachments of theirs, he had gained

From different walks of life they came

.Their object was, absolutely, one and the same

With what simplicity, the noble Jaun exclaimed

O, my lord, I am a Negro slave" he maintained"

,Let my blood mingle with the martyrs blood"

".To prove that we too are of the same mud

,In the face of trials and tribulations

;He had only one solace and consolation

A band of faithful and fearless human beings

.The like of whom, the world had not seen

Habib Ibn Mazahir, was a childhood devoted friend

He literally followed Husayn, wherever he went

He veneratingly kissed the ground, Husayn tread

.He was loved by the Prophet and lovingly caressed

He was in Kufa, when he heard of Husayn's plight

".For Karbala, I shall leave the very same night"

With encouragement from his wife, a noble lady

.His faithful slave, kept for him all things ready

Kufa, was agog with numerous rumors afloat

Treachery was afoot, for sacrificial goats

Such was the risk, with spies all round

.Yet he ventured; such was the magnetic bond

He reached Karbala on ۹th of Muharram night

Husayn was distributing

arms for the fight

He had kept aside, for him, one set of arms

".Habib, my dearest friend, is sure to come"

Wahab, was the son of a noble and virtuous lady

From Damascus, she was externed, when he was a baby

For praising Ali, she had incurred Moawiyah's wrath

.Such was the fate, at that time, of all lovers of God

,Returning home, with his mother and wife

He saw an army poised like a murderer's knife

A small group, mostly women, babes and old folks

.Were the victims of these cruel merciless foes

He soon learnt, Prophet's grandson, Husayn Ibn Ali

Surrounded by Yazid's hordes, were he and his family

He rushed to the side of Imam's small group

.And begged of him, to let him join his troop

When Husayn learnt Wahab had married only day before

He insisted on his leaving with his wife and mother

,With unflinching resolve, imploringly he pleaded

.Till Husayn gave in and to his joining agreed

Muslim Ibn Ausaja, had witnessed rights being trampled

Bent with age, his love for truth was undampened

Venerable companion of the Prophet, a most saintly soul

.To fight for truth, was his life's sole object and goal

,Physically withered by age, being four score ten

His anxiety to help was a heroic gesture to men

For he had witnessed on countless occasions

.The undying love, which the Prophet bore for Husayn

Buraire Hamadeni, was a warrior of repute

His name caused shivers in adversaries boots

,He was itching to display his terrific might

.To Yazid's mercenaries, in single battle and fights

Husayn calmed him down and explained

To fight them is not at all our aim

But to

defend and die like a martyr

.Was the supreme test of each fighter

,On the eve, prior to the day of fateful battle

Buraire urged his friends to show their mettle

And guard the Imam against the enemy's surprise raids

.For crafty was the enemy, unscrupulous, and debased

Unbearable it was, the cry of thirsty children for water

Even savages watered their victims, before slaughter

Buraire, with his friends, fought their way to the river

.Filled a bag and returned with the precious life giver

With what dejection and dismay, he witnessed the sight

The thirsty children threw themselves in mad delight

The bag opened, under the weight of the terrible crush

.And out poured the water, in a mighty and mad gush

Moved to tears, the brave warrior's eyes welled up

!No water was left, O, merciful heaven, not even a cup

The thirst of the children remained unquenched

.Though the earth, in water, was fully drenched

Hur Ibn Yazid Riyahi, a strict disciplinarian

In the army of Yazid, he commanded a battalion

With thousand soldiers, he blocked Husayn's path

.Not realizing, that it would lead to a blood bath

Hoping that a peaceful solution would be found

He forced Husayn towards Karbala, as in duty bound

Little did he realize that his very men

.Would dare spill the blood of Prophet's GEM

The Supreme Sacrifice (۹)

The sad day dawned, the heavens were aghast

Truth was at stake; the die had been cast

Never had they witnessed, so supreme a test

!Between falsehood at its worst and truth at its best

For three torturous days and three miserable nights

;Husayn's small band, were in a waterless plight

The babes, they licked, their

,mother's tongues

.Parched and thorny, they weepingly let it hung

His faith in God was sublime, beyond any dream

His patience, spoke of complete surrender to Him

,Even in his worst hour, from the material eye

!He was calm and unperturbed, not afraid to die

Husayn was fully alive to things at stake

He well knew what would be his family's fate

He was aware that 'twas his martyr's cup

.He showed absolutely no grief when his time was up

He endeavored to make a last attempt

But the foes were all determined and bent

To spill his blood, they thought it an honor

.Such is the fate of all the world's warners

Speak, O, you Kufi's, is this how"

?You invite your guests and treat them now

You summoned our aid, you one and all

".You, as our Imam, must heed our call

,Truth is being trampled, we look to you"

To uphold the flame, come to our rescue

Treachery is, indeed, a satanic vile

".But in this you are ahead by miles

I beg you ponder what you do"

Verily, those that can see, are few

Three honorable offers, I have to make

".For no blood should spill for my sake

If my life is what Yazid desires"

Why should Muslims' blood, be the hire

To Yazid, I request, you do me lead

".No share, you have, in this foul deed

Or let me, to Jihad, go and die"

For this life, no fear have I

I will fight in the cause of God

".Till death, descends from my Lord

If not, let me to Hejaz return"

You will Muhammad's pleasure earn

?For was he not my Grand Sire

"!Verily, a shield against hell's fire

Know"

for sure, that I am he

Whom God has granted Heaven's key

We live for the Lord and His pleasure

".We seek not the world, nor it's treasure

The flame of truth, is what we hold"

Let none of you, I pray, make bold

To subdue the flame not those that hold

".Though your heart may yearn for gold

The foes were silent, their mouths were shut

Only thirty of them felt genuine hurt

,They demanded to know why Husayn's fair offer

.Could not be accepted and considered as proper

In disgust, they left the enemy's rank

And joined the Imam's small faithful band

,Too glad were they to fight for him

.Though chances of success, they knew were dim

The rest were unmoved; their hearts were sealed

They danced and mocked, till their heads reeled

,Husayn still felt it his duty, to make it plain

.To save his life, was not his object nor aim

Omar Ibn Saad, discharged the first villain's arrow

Proud, that he had had started this battle of sorrow

And soon to his dismay, he found Ali's sons

.To fight them, he learnt, was no laughter and fun

They fought courageously like lions, one by one

Though outnumbered, they made them run

Till the archers took their inevitable toll

.Claiming fifty, from Husayn's small fold

Bent with grief, he surveyed the tragic scene

Tears welled up, his sorrowful eyes did glean

He made a plea, to the enemy's rank and file

.Whether none sympathized with the Prophet's child

Hur Ibn Yazid Riyahi felt this as a jolt

The words to him were, as from heaven, a bolt

He, with his slave and son, joined the Imam's band

And begged for

.forgiveness at his merciful hands

,Forgiven were they, unreservedly, one and all

'By the generous Husayn and his noble 'Aal

They fought for him, till they were slain

.Their lives they lost, but heaven gained

Corpses flowed in regular stream of these brave soldiers

Husayn, and his friends, carried them on their shoulders

In the distant lands, they had no families to mourn them

.The ladies of Husayn wept, as for a bother or son

Wahab Ibn Abdulla Kalabi, was the last to go

The newly married warrior, his spirit was low

Time and again, he had sought for permission

.Not yet!" was Husayn's firm decision"

First seek permission of your mother and wife"

Their claim is far greater on your invaluable life

Exclaimed, the mother of Wahab, standing nearby

"!I will deem it an honor, for my son to die"

With tears in her eyes, his wife pleaded

Do defend Husayn in his hour of need"

Only one request I have, reluctantly, to make

".The security of Husayn's family, may we partake

Little did she know, what fate had in store

For ladies of Husayn, when he was no more

She never could imagine, that it was likely

.The enemies would dare behave so dastardly

,History of mankind, numerous instances can cite

,Where brave persons have scaled great heights

,And endured hardships, out of love and affection

.Or died out of duty and self consuming devotion

,But never before, the world had ever witnessed

Such deeds of selfless devotion and self abnegation

,In this transitory world, though nothing endures

!The deeds of Husayn shine, with ever-increasing luster

And now were left, those tied by blood

Who cared a nought, for this mould of

mud

Eager were they to offer their worldly lives

.In cause of God, so truth may, forever, thrive

Abbas Ibn Ali, was the TRUTH'S standard bearer

Husayn to him, was a jewel, nay, even more dearer

He called him "Lord", though his foster brother

.Such was the regard, they had, one for the other

Ali Akbar, was his most beloved second son

.More brave, more handsome, there was none

,Eighteen summers old, flower of youth

.An image of Prophet, from head to foot

Qasim, was his brother Hassan's child

He was, like his father, by nature mild

His father had willed before he had died

.A tawiz he prepared and, to his hand, he tied

It only be read, was his wish dear

By Husayn, when his end was near

He remembered this will of his brother

.Now that he would soon be murdered

It was willed that Qasim should wed

Fatema Qubra, ere his blood was shed

Husayn's darling daughter was she

.To wed her to Qasim, too glad was he

!A wedding with dowry as widowhood

!A feast without water and food

!A bridegroom with few hour to live

!A bride with only tears to give

Such was the wedding in Karbala's field

Which Husayn, with his blood, would till

So that the plant of Islam may live anew

.For sake of lovers of God, though very few

,Husayn wished that Ali Akbar, his dearest son

Should be the first to go to the battleground

His devoted friends and followers were aghast

.They refused to entertain such idea - first or last

Now were left with Husayn, only the next of kin

Ali Akbar, bowed reverentially and stood before him

;Husayn, looked at his face

was he daydreaming?

He has come to seek permission; the words were ringing!

He tried to say something, amidst the enemies' war-like cries

With considerable effort, he whispered, with downcast eyes

"Akbar, my beloved child, you wish me to see you slain

What I am experiencing, at this moment, I can hardly explain!"

"How can I grant you permission, Akbar, my son?

Knowing that none have returned, not even one!

The call of duty, however, makes me helpless

Ask you mother and aunt, who are restless."

His aunt, Zaynab and Umm Layla, his mother dear

Knew that it was now the turn of all those near

Who went first to the battlefield, and who went last,

Was a matter of time, which was running very fast.

Akbar, knew the affection his aunt, Zaynab had for him

Of the pangs of sorrow, she was, since morn experiencing

He looked at her face and that of his mother

They were speechless at the thought of his murder.

"Let it not be said of my respected father Husayn,

He spared me till his brothers and nephews were slain,

,I implore you, by the love you bear for your brother

".Let me die first and quench my thirst, at Houz-e-Kawther

,May God be with you, my son", Umm Layla said"

With you, I shall loose all I have, my lad"

What destiny has in store for me, I am fully aware

".After you, for pleasure and pain, I shall not care

"!Death was now beckoning Ali Akbar, "come, my son, come

Amidst war-like shouts of enemy, amidst battle drums

The cries of the ladies and children, were most woeful

To die in the

!prime of youth, even death was mournful

Ali Akbar was now facing the enemy's forces

He was addressing them with such eloquence

The older ones were blinking their eyes in amazement

?Has Prophet descended from heaven, his son to lament

Omar Saad saw the magic spell, the words had cast

All would soon be lost, if he allowed this to last

He exhorted his men; he whipped their gold lust

".Emaciated is he by three days of hunger and thirst"

He met the hounds in battle, one by one

.Was this Ali himself? Each battle he won

The winds were whispering "La Fatha Illa Ali

.La Saif Illa Zulfiqar" most solemnly

Such was the skill and prowess in fighting

Heads rolled on with speed of lightening

None dared come forward from the enemy's rank

.Cowards were they; their hearts had shrank

Through wounds, though victorious, in single fights

The blood was gushing; thirsty was his plight

He had left his mother, in a dazed condition

.Irresistible was the urge, to see his dear ones

His father was anxiously watching his son's heroic deeds

His mother and aunt were behind, to attend to his needs

They watched his face; it reflected the progress of fight

.If any calamity befell Ali Akbar, dim would grow the light

!O, Allah, who brought back Ismail to Hajra"

!O, Allah, who listened to the mother of Moosa

!O, Allah, who reunited Yakub with Yusuf, his son

".Grant us our wish, to see Ali Akbar, for once

Was it the effect of these prayers, of his mother and aunt

?That brought Ali Akbar back to his father's tent

With an exclamation of joy and relief they clung

to him

"!Bravo, my son! Such a fight the world has not seen"

!Father, the thirst is killing me; Ah, these wounds"

For victories in combat, it is usual to ask a boon

A refreshing cup of water, is all that I ask and need

".But alas! I know not even a drop, you can feed

Ali Akbar, met his family including mother and father

The second parting was equally sad, perhaps even sadder

Fizza, the faithful maid, was disconsolate with grief

.And so were Zaynab and Umm Layla, to be very brief

As he rode away, Husayn walked for some distance behind him

!Was it his sacrificial lamb? O, what a heart rending scene

When Akbar disappeared from his sight, he turned heaven-wards

".O, Allah, be thou witness, your plans, I have not disturbed"

O, Allah, Thou art, my witness, on this mournful day"

One, whom I loved, and cherished most, I have sent away

To defend the cause of righteousness and truth

".And to fight the forces of the devil and his brutes

He sat on the ground; he looked all round in vain

He received a wailing call, a call of anguish and pain

Though Husayn, and his people, were expecting such a call

.A ghastly effect, it had on all of them, one and all

Father, Akbar, is with a mortal wound, in his chest"

Father do come to me, please hurry, and try your best

,If you are unable to reach me, your dear son

".I convey my salutations, to you and my dear ones

He rose from the ground and fell; he rose again and fell again

He struggled to his

feet; his heart was in terrifying pain

!Torrential tears were flooding his eyes; it was awesome

?He rushed hither and thither; from where had the cry come

He was sobbing; uncontrollable and tragic was his condition

Akbar, give me a shout, so that I can follow its direction"

Akbar, my sight is gone; Akbar I van hardly hear your cry

"?Is there nobody in this world to guide me, to where you lie

To the side of his master, Abbas soon came rushing

Holding his hand, he led him to where Akbar was lying

Ah, the tragic sight! Akbar, lying in a pool of his own blood

!Blood, blood, blood all around; the blood itself was in flood

Writhing in unbearable pain and digging his feet in sand

His breathing was now heavier; on his heart was his hand

A gurgling sound was coming, from his parched throat

!An uneven struggle with death, a fast sinking boat

And so passed away the brave one, the angelic soul

With a smile on his face, he reached his heavenly goal

Leaving Husayn back-broken and utterly inconsolable

!God was a witness; the sacrifice was without parallel

The days of our youth, are the days of our treasure

To some, life is doled out in a different measure

Surging, in young hearts, are the hopes and feelings

.With every nerve and sinews, quivering with joy of living

Some budding flowers are swept away, by the winds of doom

Before they have an opportunity to blossom and bloom

Such was the destiny of Husayn's three beloved nephews

.Such rare Gems, they were limited, and sparingly a few

Three innocent lads, barely in

their teens

Husayn's nephews – Aun, Muhammad and Qasim

Were closeted together to discuss their role

!For that fateful day, clear was their goal

To seek Husayn's permission, was their main task

?What should they say? How should they ask

Seriously they discussed for quite some time

.To die as martyrs, was in their family line

How commendable was the behavior of these three young ones

!There was no sign of childishness or immaturity; no, none

They were neither nervous nor, in any way scared

.The chances of survival was nil, they were fully aware

Qasim, abruptly left; he entered the tent

Umm Farwa, his mother, her head was bent

Engrossed in her thoughts – Hassan's widow

.Was thinking of her son and the morrow

?Do you know, why I called you, Qasim, my son"

To remind you of your duty to your uncle Husayn

,Hassan and Husayn, were so much devoted to each other

.More than what children are to their father and mother

He wanted you to deputize for him, on this day

,It was your father's wish that, come what may

You should stand by Husayn, through unflinching devotion

".To defend Husayn, should be your life's sacred mission

A load was of his head; how thoughtful of his father

To have provided for this situation, and one still harder

A letter for Husayn, containing his dying desire

".Qasim, shall deputize for me, since I have from the world retired"

?My children! Do you know what tomorrow has in store"

.Zaynab's near and dear ones will be no more

,All the vendetta nurtured, all these years

"!Will rise like snakes; strike them down without fear

,I want both of you"

my dear beloved sons

"To defend uncle Husayn and his priceless children

How relieved they felt, and what a pleasant surprise

.The hurdle was over; they had hardly surmised

,After a pause she added, "when I was leaving Mecca

It was the wish of your father, Abdulla

You my son, Aun, should deputize for him

".And you my child, Muhammad, be my offering [

With folded hands, Zaynab addressed her brother

?In my whole life, have I asked for a favor"

,For the first time, grant me, my one wish

".Let my sons follow Ali Akbar, to the abode of bliss

Go forward my children and fulfill your desire"

Die like heroes and from physical world retire

I shall soon join you on your journey to eternity

".Convey my salutations to the Heaven's fraternity

!My humble tributes to your dear ones, O, Zaynab

The two darling youngsters marched like lion cubs

,Brave was their bearing, brave the stance

.Tiny little swords, soon clashed with enemy's lance

The dust lifted itself to give a clearer view

Enemy soldiers were battling with Husayn's nephews

?Bravo! My sons," was it the voice of Ja'far-e-Tayyar"

!Watching from the heavens, was the famed winged warrior

And why not? It was Muhammad his grandchild

It was a heroic fight, with numerous corpses piled

Some distance away, was his younger brother, Aun

.Fortunate were they, to whom such sons were born

Against heavy odds, as was obviously expected

Both fell heroically fighting; so it was fated

!What a heart rending scene it was, O Merciful God

.Only the brave heart of Zaynab could endure the dart

As was the practice, they started beating the battle drums

The butchery of two

innocent lads, to them it was fun

The usual cry, challenging the young defenders of faith

.To come out in the battlefield, to face their fate

Qasim, rushed with letter to his uncle dear

?There was a crowd round him, how could he go near

The corpses of Aun and Muhammad, had just been brought in

.Such wailing and weeping, he had neither heard, nor seen

Clad in his father's clothes, he looked his very image

Aided by his mother, he pushed forward, taking courage

With letter in hand, he respectfully presented himself

?The weeping Husayn looked up; had Hassan come to help

He read the letter of his beloved brother

He wept bitterly; he could read no further

His last desire, how could he not honor

.When his love had permeated, every nook and corner

Qasim fought bravely, though a youth of fourteen

!He hurled the enemy one by one; what a wonderful scene

Swords, spears, daggers and arrows, flew from all sides

.Wounded from head to foot, he did not run or hide

Falling from the saddle, he gave a gallant valiant cry

Crushed under horses' hoofs, scattered the pieces lie

Husayn, the immortal Husayn, collected the mortal remains

.It was his dear Hassan's offerings, in the cause of Islam

?One against thousands - can it be called a fight

Killing an innocent lad, it caused them delight

They thought they were doing something great

.It was a spillage of their past game of hate

Smeared with blood, on the shifting sand dunes of Karbala

Lay a figure of youth, on the banks of Alkoma

The crimson life tide was ebbing fast, very fast

He was anxiously awaiting

.somebody, ere he breathed his last

Through his parched throat, he was feebly calling somebody

His master had heeded the call, since morn, of everybody

To rush to the side of his dying friends, was his image

.Despite thousand shocks, and famished body, he had not budged

?Who is this man, with indomitable courage, one may ask

!He is the standard bearer of forces, that are no more, alas

,A pillar of strength, the full moon of the Hashemites

!A beautiful specimen of manliness; a glorious sight

Before a man's death, all past events fly in a flashback

Abbas, was seeing them, lying on the burning sand tracts

How, as a child, he followed his Master, Husayn

.To attend to his every need; to see that none caused him pain

,He was in reverie, for quite sometime

Scene after scene, passed the memory's mind

He suddenly remembered, Sakina, with forty-two other kids

.Had urged him for water, to meet their barest needs

How like an enraged lion, he had charged at the enemies' ranks

Like a knife piercing butter, he had reached the riverbank

He had filled the bag of water, without tasting a single drop

.His horse also refrained, though it was not at all stopped

,One thought was in his mind; how to reach water

For his dear little Sakina, Husayn's youngest daughter

Both his hands were cut, while on his way back

.Pierced with arrows, empty was the leather bag

He tossed on the burning sand; unbearable was the pain

Life was ebbing fast out; his wish to see his master remained

"O, my master! I beseech you, do come before I die"

One eye

.was pierced with an arrow; blood was in the other eye

At last, he heard Husayn's voice, a half sob, a muffled cry

Abbas, my brother, what have they done to you!" he cried"

"!Uncontrollable was his grief, "You have come, at last, my Master

.He was sobbing; his breath was now much faster

Husayn lifted his head; Abbas put it back on the sand

My Master! When your life will be wrung by cruel hands"

Nobody will be there, in this world, to comfort thee

"!Let my head remain, in the same position, as yours would be

"My Master, I have some last wishes to express"

Completely drenched in blood was his dress

When I was born, I had a first look at your face"

".When I die, on your face, I want to fix my gaze

Please clear the blood from my one eye"

Let me fulfill my last wish, before I die

Do not carry my body to the KHAIMAGA

".I had promised to bring water for SAKINA

Since I have failed, I cannot face her, even in death"

"Nor bring Sakina here, to see her uncle's miserable fate

The flow of Furrat became turbulent and dark as winter

.A murmur arose, at the cruel and unwarranted slaughter

Abbas, I too have a wish to be fulfilled"

You know well, I too have not much time to live

Since childhood, you have always called me Master

".For once, with your dying breath, call me Brother

The blood was cleared; the pierced arrow removed

One brother looked long at another, along lingering look

"!Abbas was heard to whisper, "My brother, my brother

With these words, he

.surrendered, his soul to his CREATOR

Though ten months old, he looked barely six

Famished and thirsty, his stare was fixed

Taking out his parched tongue, he turned it on his lips

!Small were it's wants; a little water to sip

!Ali Asghar uttered a heart rending moan; a tragic sight

It tore asunder, the hapless mother's sinking plight

Sire, dying of thirst, is my small innocent child"

".Do something to save him, Umm Rabab frantically cried

To Yazid's force, he carried Ali Asghar in his arms

Wrapped under his robes, they thought it was holy Quran

A little water for the child, he appealed, again and again

.They threw arrows instead, to their everlasting shame

?What cruel men were these heartless brutes

?An innocent child, what harm could it do

An arrow pierced its parched and thirsty throat

!Providing water is a must, even while killing a goat

Anxious was the mother, for the return of the child

!Husayn's face was dripping with blood; a gruesome sight

Her heart sank; shattered were her hopes, forever

!The picture was clear; Ali Asghar was no more

Alone, all alone, with none to befriend him

It was all clear; it needed no special vision

The time was up for the long awaited supreme test

.Husayn was not found wanting; he was at his best

How can a man, in midst of such calamities and disastrous times

,Retain his faith in God, and maintain the balance of his mind

It's difficult to imagine nor can be explained

.Subject to such supreme test himself was Husayn

The challenges of the enemy were growing in tempo

The sun was now declining, there was no time

to go

Few words of advice, he gave most lovingly to each

!A touching farewell, a most cherished deed

The farewell between Husayn and Zaynab

Was as sorrowful as between a mother and cub

Parting with Sakina, was no less difficult

!It was a heart-rending episode, poignantly built

Standing near Husayn, looking at his face

His darling child was speechless and dazed

All his courage could not steel his heart

!To tell Sakina, he was leaving her, alas

Leaving her to the world, unkind to her

To fate, with only sufferings in store

He kissed her cheeks, wet with tears

.To be slapped for mourning her father dear

Putting Sakina down, he hurried to the tent

Ali Zainal Abedeen was lying full bent

He was unconscious, his twenty-five years old son

.Chosen to live with death, he was the one

"!My appointed hour is near; wake up, Zainal Abedeen"

Aroused from stupor, he was shocked, beyond dream

Husayn's transformation was beyond any description

!Gaping wounds, snow-white hair, bent back; ah these fiends

?O, God! What have the enemies done to my father"

Where is uncle Abbas, my brother, Ali Akbar

"?And my cousins, Qasim, Aun and Muhammad

.He inquired; unaware, that they were all dead

Husayn explained to him all things he knew

It was now his turn, he had come to bid adieu

Father, so long, I live, you cannot go and die"

".Let me go instead; let me hold the banner high

Husayn gently put him down; he could not even sit

Burning with fever, he was famished and seriously sick

You shall remain in bed, my beloved ailing son"

".As you father, and spiritual head, I command

This is the beginning, not"

the end, of your terrible woes

Undescribeable trials and tribulations, you shall undergo

Destiny has singled you out, my son, to demonstrate

"!Faith, in the trial hour, is the real crusade

Accompany your mother and other ladies in captivity"

Bound in chain, suffer insults and indignities

Through Kufa and Damascus, you will be soon paraded

".In the court of the tyrant, you will be humiliated

Your sufferings will be far worse than death"

".Death is a reliever of things, destined by fate

He clasped his son, in a loving lingering last embrace

.Unbearable grief, Zainal Abedeen was unable to face

He fell unconscious; the agony he was spared

Of seeing the departure of his father aged

How merciful is God; no, none can dispute it

!Through trials and tribulations, virtues he highlights

Husayn spurred his horse, Zuljanah, to move on

Glued to the spot, it did not budge nor respond

Famished, hungry, wounded, it was no doubt

.It's behavior was inexplicable; it could not shout

It bent its head towards the burning ground

Sakina was clinging to its hoofs, Husayn soon found

"!Do not take my Dad to the battlefield"

.She was imploring the aged faithful steed

Exhausted, her moaning was hardly audible

Her condition was extremely sad and pitiable

Husayn jumped down; both clung to each other

Choked with sobs, they cried their hearts together

To sleep on his chest, was her last desire

Before he departed to face the enemies' fire

His chest, was her nest since birth

?What was now left, save this little comfort

She clung to him, as she had never done before

"!No, father, to the battle field, I will not let you go"

With supreme effort, Husayn

controlled his feelings

.Shocked, she was beyond imagination, by gruesome killings

He consoled his child, as best as he could

What was at stake, she soon understood

,He promised her, he would pray to God

.To join her soon in the heavenly ward

So eloquent was his speech; they remembered Ali

Greed was overpowering; their minds were sullied

Their task was nearing completion; they were elated

.Extravagant rewards, for annihilation, they were bated

He earnestly implored them, again and again

To save themselves from ever-lasting shame

And not be partners in Yazid's foul game

,As posterity would condemn their names

Now that his job was more than done

He called to witness, all and one

Lest on Judgement day, they should plead

.Their blindness to the foul deed

Omar Saad was perturbed; he tried to act tough

.Husayn, in your condition, my weakest soldier is enough"

;Accept the one and only condition, we have imposed

" .Accept Yazid's competence, religious matters to dispose

The taunting words aroused Husayn's wrath

The Hashemite blood was raging and boiling hot

He was the son of Ali, the Lion of the Almighty God

.Fierce was his ire; the devils were aghast

Omar Saad, I accept your challenge," you knave"

" .In single combat, I will fight your bravest of brave"

Shaken by Husayn's words, none dared come forward

.Courage they had none; they were all cowards

He faced the foes, they were all scared

To meet him in single combat, not one dared

They attacked enmasse, the cowardly ones

.Little they realized, it was Ali's son

The archers fired a volley of deadly arrows

Swords, scimitars and daggers, flew like sparrows

Sword in hand, he cut through each flank

Utter confusion prevailed in

.enemies' ranks

Swift was his movement; well trained his charger

With incredible speed, he did them scatter

The hounds retreated; they licked their wounds

!Their boastful shouts, whimpered without a sound

The road to the rivulet was now clear

There lay the corpse of his dear brother

?Abbas, did you see your brother's last fight"

"!Why don't you say bravo, to me, heavenly light

Husayn looked at the sky, the sun was declining

It was time for prayers, the world was reclining

Availing of the respite, he sheathed his sword

.Though he knew full well, he could ill afford

Their fiendish minds could hardly understand

,To think of prayers, how could any man

In such circumstances, even think, or dream

!The like of Husayn, they had not seen

After hurried consultations, from a safe distance

The archers fired arrows, from all sides, all at once

Accompanied by stones, missiles and burning coal

.To kill him somehow, clear was the goal

Wounded all over, the missiles kept on showering

With blood oozing fast, dizziness was overpowering

!His mission was complete; the fight was over

.To hide from Zaynab, he looked around for cover

Zuljanah, take me far away to a low lying ground"

My family should not see my head being cut", by hounds

Such was the understanding of his master's wishes

.It immediately bolted to a place free of crisis

Realizing his master was unable to dismount

It knelt and slid him gently to the ground

From a small hillock, Zaynab watched her brother

.Seeing him unconscious, she darted like a mother

In his sub-conscious mind, he saw the Prophets of Yore

Wailing and whining for him were those, who were no more

The Prophet

was in tears, Fatima was disconsolate

.Ali and Hassan, were helplessly watching his fate

On his burning forehead, he felt something cool

?Was it the hand of his mother or the blood pool

His senses revived; he opened his blood-red eyes

.Zuljanah was shielding him, the sun was high

He remembered, why he has stopped his fight

To offer prayers, despite his vulnerable plight

With prostrated head, he addressed his CREATOR

.The world had not witnessed such a WORSHIPPER

,Thou art my witness, O, my most beloved God"

;I have fulfilled my mission, without hesitation, my Lord

,Without squirming, faltering, complaining, O' God

"!To Thy decree, and Thy dispensation, I submit, O' Lord

While Husayn was still in prayer, Omar Saad pondered

Cut off his head," he thought to himself and soon ordered"

Willing to wound, but mortally afraid to strike

.None could master the courage, so great was the fright

He himself went forth, by his side was Shimr

Husayn was lying prostrate, his head in prayer

?His lips were moving; can it be he was cursing

.They bent over to hear what he was saying

!I beseech Thee, with all humility, O' Allah"

Forgive, the erring ones, of their trespasses

"!Thou art, the most BENIFICIENT, the most FORGIVING

?Can there be a being, more compassionate, more loving

The prayers were almost concluded, they were afraid

He was Ali's son, none could dare under-estimate

Shimr jumped on his back, with sword in one hand

.Too weak with loss of blood. Only his head he turned

O, Shimr, give me water, I am thirsty"

Then accomplish your task." However dirty

Zaynab rushed out, she was on the scene

Save my brother!' she imploringly"

.screamed

She appealed to Omar Saad, again and again

To give little water, to save the life of Husayn

He contemptuously turned his face, in utter disdain

!O' you fiend! O' you slur on Islam's name

Her humiliation was watched by Husayn

He was in greatest of agony and pain

For the sake of love, you bear for me"

".Please return to the camp immediately

She rushed back to her nephew, Ali Zainal Abedeen

Shaking him from stupor, she narrated the scene

In the dusty panorama, they soon saw a spear

!Husayn's head was on it, without malice, without fear

The Loot (١٠)

Eerie silence hung over the battleground

Broken occasionally by drum beating sounds

The carnage, the massacre, of saintly souls

.Caused a shudder, in Islam's true believers' fold

The massacre being over, they raided they tents

To loot and destroy, they were all fiendishly bent

Helpless ladies and children, they mercilessly pashed

.Young innocent babes, to the ground they dashed

Daughters of the Prophet, simple lives had led

Coarse and patched clothes, were all they had

Woven by Fatima, they were immensely treasured

.In terms of money, none could be measured

They were shamelessly looted of even their veils

The Yazidi hordes outclassed, themselves, the devils

Earrings were snatched of the child of Husayn

.She was slapped mercilessly, for crying in pain

In stupor, lay the only surviving adult male

Ali Zainal Abedeen was flogged as in horror tales

After the looting, the tents were set on fire enmasse

.Hell was let loose, with a vengeance, quick and fast

Zaynab was perplexed, she was lost

Perish in flames or face still worst

This hour of trial, whom to consult

Her nephew was unconscious, lying in

.dust

Ali Zainal Abedeen, I appeal to you"

"?As our Imam, tell us what are we to do

He opened his eyes, burning with fever

.With utmost effort, advise he delivered

To save our lives is a religious duty"

".Go in the open and seek security

Ladies and children, they left the tent

.Salvaging what they could, as they went

The loot, the pandemonium, was soon over

Burning embers of fire only hovered

A partially burnt tent was all that remained

.A solitary witness of torture and blood stain

The Ahl Bait cuddled together therein

Shattered in mind and body, beyond dream

The time had come almost to a standstill

.The night was in sorrow; one could feel

The mourning widows of Husayn's friends

?Their anguished hearts, who could mend

Zaynab and Kulthum consulted each other

.The orphaned children, they had to mother

Zaynab counted the children; one was missing

To her dismay, it was Sakina, her darling

"?Tell me Sakina, where are you my child"

.In wilderness, the echo was the only reply

Frustrated, she ran towards the battlefield

Sakina is lost, your darling child"

"?Husayn, where shall I look for her

.She imploringly sobbed, in utter despair

The silvery moon, behind the clouds was hid

The clouds dispersed, the ground was lit

Lying with her head on Husayn's chest

.Little Sakina was sleeping in her usual nest

Sakina, my child, I have come here"

After searching the desert, my dear

Your father's beheaded body, how could you find

"?In this dark night, with your frightened mind

An irresistible urge seized me, though dampened"

To tell my father all that had happened

How they snatched my earrings, after his death

".The slaps I received, the treatment we met

Running aimlessly"

p: ۴۱

in the desert I cried

Tell me dearest father, where do you lie

!Sakina, my darling Sakina, come here, come here

".I heard him calling and found my father dear

I narrated to him, all I had endured"

It lightened my heart: I was re-assured

An urge to sleep on his chest, for the last time

".I placed my head in the nest of mine

With Sakina, Zaynab hurried to the camp

Again it was dark; there was no lamp

All were anxiously waiting in the ghostly night

.Praying silently to God, the Eternal Light

She placed Sakina in her mother's arms

She had several other duties to perform

No, not to protect any worldly treasure

.The children had suffered, beyond measure

Advancing towards them, she saw a group

There is nothing left, which you can loot"

Pray, do not disturb the children in sorrow

"!If you want something, come in the morrow

We do not want anything from you"

We know, what you have said is true

We have brought some water and food

".We know, you are in a sorrowful mood

Zaynab was surprised; so polite was the speaker

It was the widow of Hur, the truth seeker

Soldiers of Omar Saad have deputed me"

".To carry food and water for thee

,Lest you perish, due to hunger and thirst"

Before Yazid, they want to take you first

That is why they have sent water and food

".Not because they have suddenly turned good

O, sister, we are indebted to your husband"

For his precious life, in defending Husayn

!He was our guest, but at a time, alas

"!We had not even water; no, not a glass

My lady, I am grieved, you lost"

not one

".But eighteen members to death, were done

They offered condolences to each other

.Zaynab was large hearted like her mother

At last there is water for you"

Wake up, Sakina, see it is true

".Wet your throat, sobbing will stop

.For days, she had not even a drop

Let Ali Asghar drink first, he is the youngest"

My dear brother died of sheer maddening thirst

Now that water is available, give him first

".Before I can taste it and quench my thirst

Guarding her folks, with a half burnt pole

Alone, all alone, with no waking soul

Due to exhaustion, Zaynab fell in a swoon

!O' Merciful God, it was, indeed, a boon

One person came galloping in her dream

O' Shaikh, please go back" she screamed"

I am daughter of Hazrat Ali and Fatima"

!' We are guardians of the holy 'Kalima

The person lifted the veil from his face

It was her father Ali himself, by Divine Grace

She poured out her mutilated and bleeding heart to him

.The outpourings caused convulsions, ending the dream

Lying on the desert sand, clothes wet with tears

The dawn was breaking, time of prayer was near

Events of previous day, she recalled with pain

.Ali Akbar had given Azan; prayers led by Husayn

Finishing her prayer, she laid her head

Prostrate before God of the living and dead

To give her courage, to carry on the mission

.Which, to the world, would be an everlasting lesson

The Journey To Kufa (١١)

The sun rose, crimson-red was its color

Downcast with shame, the world looked duller

Ladies and children, huddled with shambled remains

.The victors rejoiced, without compunction or shame

Vying with one another, to torture and torment

They took

delight, in causing them lament

Marching them, by the bodies of their dear ones

.Before being taken to Kufa, in a caravan

Without any saddles, on camels' bare-backs

The ladies were put in a sheep like pack

Bound hand and foot, with ropes and chains

.Children's necks were tied with their hands

Burning with fever and heavily chained

Zainal Abedeen was marched, though in pain

The heads of the martyrs, carried on spears

.Headed the procession of Muhammad's dears

Kufa was reached in a few hectic hours

Shimr and Khooli gloated, over and over

To the governor was sent a courier

.The caravan stopped at a barrier

Zaynab and Kulthum had resided for four years

In Kufa as daughters of Islam's ruler

,Now, they were captives of those Muslims

.Who were steeped in vices and sins

The grand daughters of the Prophet of Islam

Were too noble, to cause anyone least harm

;Helpless victims of those followers of Muhammad

.The lofty principles of Islam were thrown in mud

!O' Kufa, recall the days of glory of Zaynab

The honored daughter of the noblest of Arabs

For four years, Kufians vied with each other

.Every wish of theirs to fulfill like a mother

The same Kufa now wore a festive look

People gathered in every corner and nook

To watch the grand daughters of Muhammad

.People of Kufa were now thirsty for their blood

Heading the caravan, the town crier was crying aloud

The prisoners are Zaynab and Kulthum, beyond doubt

,Husayn and his followers have all been slain

.By Yazid's might and power, on Karbala's plain

All who question Yazid, such is their fate

Beware, lest you be subjected to such hate

If you obey Yazid, without

any question

.Rewards will be plenty and pleasingly handsome

When the identity was revealed, some were sad

;Ladies and children of the house of Muhammad

?Could they be captives and his grand-son murdered

.None, however, dared protest; they merely shuddered

It was noon, the sun increasingly blazing

Continuous pleading for water, Zaynab was facing

It was futile, to ask the brutes for water

.Zaynab was explaining to Husayn's daughter

A lady in balcony, saw the plight of Sakina

Rushing down with water, she was in a dilemma

She went to Sakina, breaking the police cordon

!A tumbler of cool water; O' merciful heaven

Was it Umm Ayman? Zaynab was not sure

Two decades had passed, since the days of yore

,I am thankful for your noble gesture"

".May God, on you, His blessings shower

She was astonished and completely dazed

Zaynab brushed aside the hair, from her face

,The same Zaynab, whom she adored and venerated

.Was now a picture of woe, a victim of fate

Kissing Zaynab's feet, out of reverence

;Umm Ayman, weepingly, asked for forgiveness

Lest, such display rouse public sympathy

.The guards pounced and whipped, Ayman, mercilessly

Thrown aside, she weepingly complained to Allah

The caravan proceeded to the court of Obeidullah

Seated on a throne, holding his royal court

.The prisoners were marched in the villain's fort

Seeing Zaynab and Kulthum, he ordered his men

;To place at his feet, the head of Husayn

'He mockingly inquired, the son of a bitch

"?Are these slave girls or children of Prophet"

as per the parting promise given to Husayn

Zaynab, who was controlling herself, lost restrain

,We are grand-daughters of your acknowledged Prophet"

"!Sisters of Husayn, whom your henchmen murdered

In frenzy, she gave

him a bit of her mind

!You are the stooge of Yazid, O' you fiend"

He has flouted all the principles of Islam

"!The house of Prophet, he has unjustifiably harmed

He has trampled all ethical concepts"

reduced all beings to a condition abject

your success, is ephimeral, be sure

".very soon, God's wrath, you will endure

Ibn Ziad, was stunned by this bold rebuke

His embarrassment was apparent, though he fumed

The awe inspiring atmosphere of the court

.Held no terrors for Zaynab and Kulthum, both

He looked around to see the devastating effect

If she went on, the masses would defect

He shouted at the top of his heartless voice

!Undaunted by threats, Zaynab dared him twice

;She projected the issues, the sacrifices of Husayn

Most poignantly, she recalled his piety and fame

A blind companion of the Prophet, Ziad bin Arkan

.Protested at the indignities on founders of Islam

Ibn Ziad, shouting him down, ordered his removal

By nature, he was crafty and vindictively cruel

He hurriedly dismissed the corrupt court

.Carry the prisoners to Damascus", he roared"

The Devil's Den (۱۲)

Through the desert of Mesopotamia they marched on

Falling every few feet, due to sheer exhaustion

Ali Zainal Abedeen was mercilessly whipped

.Even if he stumbled, even if he tripped

Sakina fell down from the camel's bare-back

Zaynab raised an alarm; she was taken aback

The soldiers were intoxicated, they paid no heed

!Without any succour, she would perish indeed

In desperation, Zaynab turned towards the spear

;Husayn, fallen down is your daughter dear"

".I am helpless, my feet and hands are bound

!The spear, with Husayn's head, got planted down

Khooli jumped down, to uproot the spear

The stooges rushed forth, from far

and near

The spear remained stuck as if cemented

.The impact would be great, if soldiers got scent

Shimr approached Ali; his anger was boiling

The Imam looked at the head; tears were trickling

He turned his gaze, Zaynab caught his weeping eye

"!Sakina has toppled over, the child may die"

Shimr picked up the unconscious exhausted child

Dumping her in Zaynab's arms, rushed the hostile

Khooli could now lift the spear from the ground

.The caravan proceeded quietly, onwards bound

The Syrian desert was strewn with prickly thorns

Marching bare foot, like on painful corns

The torture was borne, with patience and calm

!God was the healer, soothing was his balm

For few hours they halted, each tiresome night

Feasting, the vulturous soldiers were a sight

Food and water, for prisoners was rationed

.Barely enough to sustain them, was the caution

They reached a mountain top, quite secluded

A hermitage of a holy and pious recluse

The heads of the martyrs, Shimr gave

.For safe custody, in his solitary cave

The prophets descended to guard the head

Startled and baffled, he awoke from his bed

Rushing out of the monastery, Shimr he awoke

.Whose heads are these?" boldly he spoke"

The grandson of Prophet Muhammad had defied"

The authority of Yazid ibn Moawiyah" Shimr cried

For refusing to accept his spiritual suzerainty"

".He had been butchered at Karbala, ruthlessly

The hermit was shocked, beyond any words

You cursed people, fie upon you cowards"

,Beheading your own Prophet's beloved grandson

"!His helpless family you now hold at ransom

;Shimr lost his temper, he was enraged

.With one sweep of the sword, he chopped his head

For Islam's injunctions, he had scant regard

To grant protection to those dedicated

.to God

The city of Damascus was soon in sight

Through hurried marches, by day and night

Near the gate of the fortress, the caravan halted

.In blazing sun, the prisoners sweated

The scenes in Kufa, had reached Yazid's ears

To disclose their identity, he now feared

He announced, that a rebel had been defeated

.A day of rejoicing, it should be treated

The city was assuming a gay and festive look

Festoons and buntings hung from every nook

The victims were scorching under the burning sun

.To the onlookers, it was all laughter and fun

Sacrificial dates, they threw at them

To ward off evil from their dear ones

The hungry children tried to eat them

.Zainab was perplexed and at her wit's end

Prophet has forbidden his own family"

,To eat sacrificial offerings, O' you ladies

;Do not throw such offerings at our children

"!Pray, do not increase our pain and burden

?Can it be, they are the family of Muhammad

Their faces and bodies were smeared with mud

From some princely family of noble stock

.Their bearings revealed, without any doubt

After one full hour, the imperial orders came

Bring in the prisoners, the followers of Husayn

An elevated throne, lavishly decorated with gold

.Seven hundred gilded chairs surrounded it, all told

In tattered rags, with dirt and mess

Blood oozing from lash-wounds in the flesh

Tightly tied in ropes and heavy chains

.Were the daughters and sisters of Husayn

,On a gold salver, the head of Husayn

At the feet of Yazid, was vindictively laid

He could not for a moment believe his eyes

.These people claimed with Muhammad, blood ties

Yazid was fully drunk; he quivered with rage

Omar Saad, how dare you"

!cheat me, your sage

".These are not the ladies of Husayn

His eyes displayed a thirst for slaying

Flinging himself abjectively at Yazid's feet

,Mercy, O' Commander of Faithful", he pleaded"

,I have carried out your august command"

".Nay, your every wish, your every demand

,The prisoners are Zaynab and Kulthum"

,for any doubt, pray have no room

,The ailing man is Ali Zainal Abedeen

".Other members, may also please be seen

Raising his eye brows, he watched Yazid's face

"?Ah, there, who is trying to hide from my gaze"

falteringly, he replied, afraid of being snubbed

".The old lady is Fizza; behind her is Zaynab"

;None, shall protect the prisoners from me"

".Throw aside Fizza, so that Zaynab I can see

Fizza turned to the slaves, behind the throne

.With naked swords, as bodyguards they roamed

O brothers, from Abysinia, my own native land"

?with folded hands why do you passively stand

Your aged princess demands from you protection

"!This tyrant's blood thirst is his obsession

The slaves stepped forward and addressed Yazid

;Your Majesty, please desist from the foul deed"

,if Shimr proceeds to do anything to her

"!blood will flow right now, like water

Yazid, was flabbergasted at this affront

He fully realized, they said, what they meant

In the light of chandeliers, their swords glistened

.The coward in him panicked, as he shiveringly listened

Shimr, withhold your lash; stay where you are"

;I will chop off your head, if you harm her

My good fellows, your devotion to me, is such

.Your sense of honor, I will not touch

The courtiers and others, saw his humiliation

To display his triumph, was his fascination

Beating Husayn's head, with a cane of gold knob

He rejoiced

.with glee, as the prisoners sobbed

Using the cane, on the lips of Husayn

He chuckled, wickedly, without any shame

Were not these lips, receiving kisses from Muhammad"

".The same lips, which are now lying in mud

How delighted my fore-fathers must be"

How happy, their souls, must be today, to see

I have avenged them, for all their defeats

".By butchering Husayn; a daring feat

?Whose head is this, may I ask, O' King"

What crime, had committed, this human being

To deserve, this treatment, even after death

".Woeful is the punishment, his family has met

An ambassador, of a foreign country, Abdul Wahab

Inquired of Yazid, on seeing the holocaust

;The head is of Prophet's grandson Husayn"

".He, with his supporters, were all slain

These are the ladies of the house of Prophet"

Watching them in distress is, to me, a treat

Husayn, and his friends, were put to sword

".Opposition to my Caliphate, I can ill-afford

I shall subject them, to such punishment"

To the world, it would be a valuable lesson

None, shall question my sovereignty, hereafter

".Their punishment, will be, no fun and laughter

!You have committed the greatest sin, O' King"

;I have not heard of such tortures and killings

,My people treat me with highest respect

".For being a descendent of their Prophet

He then turned toward Zainal Abedeen

Ali, from what I have heard and seen"

Your father, indeed, was the noblest soul

".To fight this tyrant, was a courageous role

I declare, my faith, in your esteemed religion"

,fully aware of the consequences of the decision

;'I denounce the usurper, the incarnation of 'devil

".He is the fittest epitome of the highest evil

,Yazid was mad with rage

smarting under insult

Most unexpected was the rebuke, staggering the result

Drag away the Ambassador," Yazid angrily demanded"

.Chop off his head," like a mad cap, he next commanded"

Pin drop silence prevailed; everyone was reserved

Gulping down cups of wine, to soothe his nerves

You there," he shouted at Imam Zainal Abedeen"

".Your punishment shall be such, the world has not seen"

You shall pay dearly for his sins"

for the insults and rebukes, flung by him

I shall chop off your head, here and now

".To wreak vengeance, I have the know-how

On second thought, he added, trying to be tough

No, no; killing you will not be enough"

Your life, will be a living death, everyday

".You will pine for death, even while you pray

,In a feeble, but clear ringing voice

Said Zainal Abedeen, "O' tyrant do not rejoice

,Worst torture, is to make our ladies stand

".Without any veils, in this Islamic land

I am not frightened by your threats"

The descendents of Prophet, have no fear of death

,Those who love God, are severely tried by him

".To display their true faith and heaven win

The retort evoked spontaneous whispers of admiration

Despite his cunning nature, Yazid was visibly shaken

He feigned loud laughter to cover his embarrassment

.He still tried to justify the unparalleled harassment

God inflicted this punishment on you all"

for your father's obduracy and defiance of my call

to accept my lawful authority, you are reluctant still

".you got what you deserved, according to his will

O' tyrant, do not distort the words of God"

,to act with justice or to ride rough shod

;he gives opportunities to all women and men

punishment ultimately over

".takes those with evil in them

Yazid was speechless; he could not reply

His mouth was sealed, much as he did try

A subservient courtier, anxious to curry favor

.Bowed before him, thinking himself too clever

Your Majesty, your indulgence I crave"

".Bestow that girl, Sakina, on me as a slave

Zaynab standing nearby, with her head bowed

.Was furious, and infuriated as never before

You, wretched soul; no shame you have"

Prophets grandchild, you wish to enslave

Is there none amongst you, even to protest

".Against the shocking and shameless request

A gold embroidered curtain only ruffled in shame

Hind, Yazid's favorite wife, entered the harem

Once, she had been a lady-in-waiting, to Zaynab

.A devout lady, a believer in Almighty Rab

She still remembered Zaynab, with devotion

,Yazid knowing this had concealed his intention

;To kill Husayn and his family's enslavement

.She was unaware, of the tragic development

,Hearing Zaynab's voice, and talk of enslavement

She rushed out, without veil, in a frenzied moment

What is all this about, do let me know"

".Who can enslave them, except the lowest of the low

The action of his wife, was a daring feat

Coming without a veil, was against custom, indeed

Yazid, hurriedly shouted orders, dismissing the court

".Carry the captives to the darkest dungeon in the Fort"

The good lady kept on questioning her husband

,Who the prisoners were, she enquired and so on

He gave her evasive replies, to allay her fears

.The prisoners are not the Prophet's near and dear

A Rose Bud Fades Away (۱۳)

In the dark desolate dungeon, the caravan halted

The scorpions and snakes took fright and bolted

Zaynab and Zainal Abedeen, prostrated themselves in prayer

Without a word of complaint, without

.any demur

It was dark inside, despite the sun's bright rays

The stone walls were damp, crumbling with decay

Looks of sorrow and despondency, was on each face

.Of joy and laughter, there was not even a trace

The faces depicted sufferings, beyond human endurance

Prayer was the solace, they enjoyed, without hindrance

A few stale morsels of bread and a little water

.Was their daily ration, in these horrible quarters

",Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage"

Was equally true in that merciless land and cruel age

Though in shackles, every night their spirits soared high

.To heights sublime, beyond all plains, in the heavenly sky

Sakina, woke with a shriek, in the dead of the night

She had seen her father's heavenly soothing light

O' Sakina, you have suffered enough, come with me"

"?the days of your sufferings are over; O' where is he

!It was just a dream, what a disappointment

It was not a reality, to her bewilderment

Her uncontrollable lamentations, gathered a crowd

.The ladies also lost control and wailed aloud

Hearing the wails, Yazid sent slaves to inquire

Pacing up and down, he had not yet retired

On knowing the cause, his crooked mind strived

.A devilish scheme, he soon mischievously contrived

,Yazid's men entered with a covered tray

I do not want food, please take it away"

I want my father; promises he did give

"?Without taking me, why did he leave

They removed the cloth; Sakina beheld the face

Even in death, it was full of heavenly grace

With a cry, she flung herself on the wooden tray

.Hugging to her heart, she snatched the face away

Inconsolably, she bent

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down over the head

Putting, her cheeks, against that of her dad

Within a few moments, her sobbing had stopped

.Her mortal remains, she had quietly dropped

"?How long will you lie on your father's head"

Zaynab touched her hand; she was shockingly dead

Sakina had gone with her father, never to return

!Husayn had kept his promise, as he had always done

The Triumph Of Truth (۱۴)

A day dawned, when there was a stir in the prison

The jailors were puzzled; what could be the reason

The Queen of Damascus, was visiting the prison

!To even imagine such a thing, was an act of treason

Zainal Abedeen was in prayers, a guard entered the cell

Fizza, the oldest amongst prisoners, he turned to tell

,About the visit of Her Highness, Queen Hind, and to ensure

.That not a word of complaint was uttered, by way of censure

With her ladies-in-waiting, Hind entered the cell

Gloomy, was the dungeon, unventilated and dark, as hell

,With bowed heads, and faces covered with long tresses

.The ladies were sitting, with torn and tattered dresses

An emaciated figure, with heavy chains and manacles

Was busy with prayer, though unable to stand in shackles

A lady, with her head, lay prostrate on a small grave

.In a corner of prison, portraying the sad and pitiable tale

Hind, was perplexed; she was dumb-founded

Approaching the grave, the lady she sounded

My good lady, do let me know, who are you"

"?For what crimes, you are behind the bar

?Which family you belong to? Whose grave is this"

".Untold sufferings, your sorrowful face reveals

The lady burst into sobs; her lips were sealed

Gently stroking her head, Hind herself

.kneeled

Another lady sat in a corner, surrounded by others

She must be the one, who was, perhaps, their elder

This was the lady, who had roared like a lion

.To hurl defiance at the court of the tyrant

"What are the reasons for your sufferings and plight"

Hind inquired of Zaynab; her tone was so polite

My husband is evading, annoyingly, my repeated inquiries"

".On grounds, that they relate to governmental diaries

Lady Fatima, I am seeing frequently in my dreams"

;In a most disconsolate state, she is, so it seems

I am perplexed, I am unable to understand

"What all this means. Explain to me if you can

,In the laps of luxury, Hind, you are comfortably living"

;Tortures, beyond human endurance, my children are facing

,You are, no doubt, utterly in the dark of what has happened

".To my near and dear ones, and my beloved son, Husayn

My Lady's coming and her constant lamentations"

has it any connection with your incarceration

I really wonder, how can it at all be true

".Prophet's family, to do anything with you

The eyes of the two ladies met, for a moment

,One depicting a soulful of agony and torment

The other reflecting bewilderment and inquiring

.Zaynab burst into sobs, trying to control her feelings

She had not recognised her, so much the better

It saved her the humiliation, to narrate the torture

She partially covered her face, with her long hair

.Hoping that Hind would soon go away and leave her

Hind, suddenly remembered that, she had seen

In better times, the venerable lady had been

?With a gasp, she cried, "Are my eyes deceiving me

'Is that Lady Zaynab, O

"?no! how can it be

?How can I, even entertain such a thought"

!I feel, I am getting demented, O' my Lord

For the sake of Lady Fatima, I, beseechingly, implore you

"?Are you related to Lady Zaynab? Is it true

,Hind, Zaynab died long ago on Karbala's plain"

;with youths of her family, who were slain

the shadow of Zaynab, is now before you

".Those who can recognise her are, indeed, few

Covering her face, her tears, she tried to hide

Falling prostrate at her feet, Hind cried

"Lady, forgive my utterly unpardonable neglect"

.begging forgiveness, she expressed profound regret

;Zainal Abedeen had just completed his prayers

,Turning to him, "O' my Imam, your forgiveness I crave

It was sheer thoughtlessness, for not probing deep

".I do not know how I could eat, drink or even sleep

When my suspicion was aroused, on that first day"

;when someone demanded, the young girl, Sakina as a slave

.she must be the beloved daughter of my Lord Husayn

"?Was she enslaved, by some brute, with a wicked brain

Zaynab stood up and going slowly towards Hind

In vain, you are looking for my beloved Sakina"

she is sleeping peacefully in that yonder grave

".relieved of sufferings, she had courageously braved

"?May I ask, what was the cause of her untimely death"

this fragrant rose bud withered away, unsung, unwept

she narrated the sufferings, she had bravely endured

.how her earlobes kept bleeding, how her body turned blue

Recounting her sufferings, Zaynab and others were crying

Only one lady, sitting near the grave, was quietly lying

Seeing her loosing consciousness, Zaynab immediately rushed

.Putting her head on her lap, she was very carressingly brushed

,Hind

ordered cold water, from her nearby palace

She sprinkled it on Umm Rabab's ash white face

Opening her eyes with a dazed look, she glanced

.She faintly uttered, as if she was in a trance

Her grief stricken mind had created a protective shield

To resist the cruel impact, of what fate had purposefully built

To escape the grief laden atmosphere around the grave

.Of her darling daughter, who had, all sufferings braved

Zaynab felt, she must be awakened from this stupor

;Or else she would loose her sorrowing mind, for ever

,She gently explained, that Sakina had joined her father

!At this, she returned, to the word of reality with a shudder

Hind, excusing herself, to the palace she hurried

Moawiyah, her son, was the only male issue of Yazid

Only they had access to him, without announcement

.They found Yazid, pacing up and down, himself denouncing

;Yazid was surprised to see Hind's hair disheveled

Her eyes full of tears, charges she defiantly leveled

,Both mother and son, spared no words to make it plain

".Set free this very day, the family of Imam Husayn"

The cup of cruelty had got filled to the brim

;Yazid was aware, the situation was getting grim

Realization had dawned that time was running out

.Nemesis might overtake him, unless he had stopped the rot

He was having nightmares, with Prophet upbraiding him

Everyday, he was having most horrifying and frightening dreams

O' Yazid, what had my Husayn done to deserve your vengeance"

".What made you bestow upon my family such inhuman penance

Is your hatred, for me and my family, not yet satisfied"

Such tortures, you are inflicting, as can not

".be narrated

He was brooding about ways, to resolve the dilemma

!Which was his own creation, a self created drama

Now his own son, his own flesh and blood

With Queen Hind, was flinging at him mud

The time was now ripe to act with grace

.A little delay, and he would loose the race

A strange way for pleading for mercy, you have"

Could you not find, a better way, to remonstrate

I accede, to your request, to set the prisoners free

".I shall summon my court and announce my decree

Now, both of you may rest, in peace, till they are free"

".Let me have some respite, after the shock you have given me

Peace, did you say?" in surprise, Hind burst out and cried"

".Can we ever have peace, after knowing what has transpired"

For these unforgivable atrocities and unpardonable sins"

Make best amends, to Lady Zaynab and Zainal Abedeen

".Restore them to the place of honor, which is their right

!It is through them, that God sheds His Merciful Light

Decked, in a jeweled dress of silk and brocade

Yazid sat on the throne; of solid gold it was made

With full display of regalia, of Ommayad's courts

.It was late in the evening, all had assembled in the Fort

With all solemnity, the ushers announced in the Fort

The grandson of Prophet Muhammad, was entering the court

His garments tattered, but with dignity in his bearing

.Zainal Abedeen entered, with everyone admiring his daring

There was a radiance on his countenance; a "halo" on his face

It inspired awe in their hearts; they stood up out of grace

,Yazid got up from his throne

seei!ng the spontaneous gesture

.Impelled by an uncontrollable force of undiscriminating nature

With a slow halting gait, Zainal Abedeen walked to the pulpit

His aching lacerated legs, made walking an ordeal, a bit

The rustling of the curtain, indicated the ladies had entered

.Seated behind the pulpit were the ladies, with Zaynab centered

Yazid offered condolences; his words sounded hollow

"Cursing his lieutenants; he tried to paint a "halo

He pleaded innocence, as if he had in it no hand

.He expressed profound regret, for all that happened

He told the Imam, that they were all know free

He offered any amount, they wished as blood money

Seeing the Imam's face turning red with rage

.He urged it in the name of religious usage

Zaynab, who was listening from behind the curtain, cried out

On the day of judgement, you shall be answerable, no doubt"

You offer, what you possess, on that day, to Prophet Muhammad

"!It is not for us, to accept any money, for the Martyr's blood

Yazid was abashed by the daughter of Ali's bold retort

He had seen her courage, even as a prisoner in his court

He changed the subject and addressing Zainal Abedeen

".He declared, "You are free to demand from me anything

At your disposal, is a house of status and position befitting"

".Highest honor and respect will be extended to you beings

All we want is the severed heads of our near and dear ones"

".Our looted property and clothes, though tattered and torn

Yazid, expressed extreme surprise, at the simple request

They had not even ornaments, at the time of their arrest

,He could not see anything of value

;in the things looted

.The immense sentimental value, which in them, was rooted

He ordered restored of all their belongings, forthwith

He endeavored their every desire, every wish, to meet

Medina, via Karbala, they wished, to immediately return

.Canopied camels and best horses; the purchase was done

The local citizens paid their respectful condolences

To serve them, they vied with one another, for chances

.Stay on in Damascus, for sometime", they all jointly pleaded"

.For burial rites, their presence in Karbala, was needed

The entire city turned out to bid them adieu

Hind, had remained all along with Zaynab, now knew

,Time of parting was near; was unimaginably sad

.When you live and venerate someone, more than your dad

She begged for forgiveness, for the past neglect, from each one

She was about to leave, when came a call from someone

Umm Rabab expressed, to Zaynab, her departing wish

!To visit the grave of Sakina, to bestow a farewell kiss

The disconsolate mother fell on Sakina's tiny grave

With a heart-rending shriek; vent to her feelings she gave

,Turning to Hind, and other ladies of the unhappy town

.Occasionally, offer Fateha," she cried, and fell in a swoon"

The Savior Of Islam (۱۵)

Sweet melodies blew the heavenly horn

A joyous tiding; Husayn was born

The sun rejoiced; the moon was gay

.Each in its orbit, each did away

The waters rippled; the wind was all play

Never were they, so happy and gay

It was Muhammad's light and Ali's ray

.The Savior of Islam, had come to stay

A gift to Muhammad, from his Lord

A son to Ali, the sun of God

A fruit of love, to the Lady of Light

A brother to

.Hassan, to cause him delight

Born was he, out of God's grace

A beacon light, to the human race

A soul of souls, whom God made pure

.With heavenly love, the world to cure

The Prophet rejoiced; his eyes shed tears

For here was one, to him most dear

For here was one, for Islam's sake

.His life and all, would one day stake

For truth and justice, he would fight

In cause of God, without respite

For he was one, decreed by God

.To lay his life, for the love of Lord

The heavens were glad, for such a one

The Lord should choose, Ali's son

For best was he; the world had seen

.Whose vision one craves, even in dream

"Fed with love, by the Lady of Light"

he got the best, of what was right

'and from his father, the 'Godly Knight

.he drew his strength and his might

But Muhammad did give, beyond measure

All that he had, as his treasure

For he was his treasure, beyond doubt

.As he often publicly proclaimed aloud

,Love them my Lord, I do implore"

Who love Husayn and him adore

"He is of me and I of him

!Such a bond, the world had not seen

He sucked his tongue, in playful jest

His breast he made, a place of rest

The reins he made, his curls of hair

.His back he made, a stately mare

Such was the love, the Prophet bore

For he was his grandson, and more

An anchor sheet, to all who care

'.To live and be, 'just and fair

The life he lived; the path he led

He earned by sweat; the poor he fed

Not a pie had he, that he kept

But

p: ٦١

.the poor he gave, ere he slept

A king of kings, in simple attire

The crowns of world, he never aspired

To the uncared widow, and the needy orphan

.He gave his all, and all so often

Many a day, he tightened his loins

To buy his own bread, he had no coins

So noble of heart so pure a soul

.To please his Lord, was his goal

He lived for Lord and His delight

He toiled by day and prayed by night

The simplest of life, he liked to live

.The best of things, he liked to give

His life was such, a guiding light

To know the wrong and know the right

And such a soul, was asked to bow

.To one who was, the lowest of low

Yazid, the godless son of a crafty father

Was proclaimed a king or Caliph rather

Money and wine, most lavishly flowed

.Till all the worldly heads had bowed

But not the heads, who had bowed

To God alone, who had showed

The path of right, through Islam's ray

.Eighty and odd, among them, were they

To save Islam from its sinking depth

Too glad were they, to face death

But to the ungodly one, they refused to bow

.Undaunted and unnerved, they faced the foe

It was not a fight, for a kingdom

Nor a family feud, as is not seldom

It was a fight for principles and truth

.As imbibed by Islam, in its holy book

If he had bowed to the ungodly one

Riches and honor he would have won

Islam would then have been in name

.Its seal., would have adorned, the devil's reign

The time soon came for their test

They were ready to

lay their best

With women and babes, handful were they

.Ready to face thousands, in battle array

To cut off water, was the only way

To weaken them, they thought, for the fray

So frightened were they, of Ali's son

.To fight them they knew, was no fun

Husayn was fully alive, to things at stake

He knew well, his family's fate

He was aware, that his was the Martyr's cup

!His end was near, his time was up

The sad day dawned; the heavens were aghast

Truth was at stake; the die had been cast

;Never had they witnessed, so supreme a test

.Falsehood at its worst versus truth at its best

The wind was aggrief, it tore each leaf

Wild was its anger, wild with grief

It shook the river by its throat

.The waves, it tossed all things afloat

The sun glared down, wild with fire

It burned with rage; fierce was it's ire

If only it could make itself somehow free

.From the chains of bonds of heaven's decree

The river was ashamed; hapless was it's plight

Destiny's decree, how could it dare fight

It's waters were controlled, by the rule of might

.Who cared a nought, for wrong or right

They guarded the river; they threw a ring

To deny water was worst of a vindictive thing

The hounds, they drank, and so did the drunks

.Innocent babes; parched were their tongues

For three torturous days and three night

Muhammad's beloveds were in waterless plight

Young babes of most holy and innocent fare

.Wailing and whining, the torture they share

O' Lord of Lords! What a pathetic sight

Yazid's hordes, displaying their might

Thousands and thousands of blood-thirsty hounds

Waiting to pounce on

.eighty odd crowns

While handful of souls, engrossed in prayer

Unheedful of them; a sight so divinely rare

Young and old, they prayed to Merciful God

.With humble devotion, His help they sought

To give them strength; no, not to fight

But to be content, in whatever plight

For well they knew, their role of life

!Was to save Islam, from being knifed

The battle he lost, the fight he won

Yazid's title of sanctity was shorn

Islam's plant survived the onslaught

.Husayn's blood had watered the drought

The revenge was complete, so it seemed

Abu Sufyan's pledge to Satan was redeemed

The worldly eyes could, however, hardly see

.Husayn's blood had kept Islam pure and free

Tributes And Prayers (۱۶)

My respectful condolence to the dearest sister of Husayn

My tearful home, to the wife of Abdulla Tayyar, O' Zaynab

,Never was a woman, subjected to such sorrow and pain

!As the daughter of Ali and Fatima, O' Zaynab

Aun and Muhammad, two unblossomed flowers of youth

Ali Akbar, was no less dear, than your own sons O' Zaynab

,You sacrificed them all, at the altar of truth

!So that, Islam may be rid of the Satan's hold, O' Zaynab

,The tortures you bore; the insults you faced

Would have torn asunder any heart, O' Zaynab

,You did not flinch, even in grace

!To the worst of ignominies and cruelties, O' Zaynab

,Your unique faith in God; your invaluable support

Enabled Husayn to sacrifice his all, O' Zaynab

Between brother and sister, never was such a rapport

!Your indomitable will, sustained his mission, O' Zaynab

Your heroic efforts, saved his sacrifices from going in vain

Your courage, saved his lineage from extinction, O' Zaynab

You presented

the issues involved, in the sacrifices of Husayn

!Most eloquently, and in proper perspective, O' Zaynab

,Your virtues are endless, as eternity, and so, till then

You will be mourned and gratefully remembered, O' Zaynab

Pray to God, to grant my wish to serve Husayn

!And you, my lady, in this world, and the next, O' Zaynab

AMEN

Names Of Martyrs Who Sacrificed Their Lives At Karbala For The Sake Of The Lofty "Principles Of Islam As Mentioned In "Ziyarah Al-Nahiyyah

(Imam Husayn ibn Ali (Amir al Mu'mineen.١

(grandson of Prophet Muhammad (s.a

(killed by Shimr Dhiljaushan)

Ali al-Akbar ibn Husayn ibn Ali .٢

(killed by Murrah bin Munqiz bin Noman al Abdi)

Abdullah (also known as Ali al-Asghar) ibn Husayn ibn Ali .٣

(killed by Harmala ibn Kahil al Asadi)

(Abdullah ibn Ali (Amir al Mu'mineen .۴

(killed by Hani bin Thubaet al Hadhrami)

(Abul Fadhl al Abbas ibn Ali (Amir al Mu'mineen .۵

(killed by Yazeed bin Ruqaad al Heeti and Hakeem bin Tufail al Taai)

۶. Ja'far ibn Ali (Amir al Mu'mineen)

(killed by Hani bin Thubaet al Hadhrami)

۷. Uthman ibn Ali (Amir al Mu'mineen)

(killed by Khooli bin Yazeed al Adhbahi al Ayadi and Abaani al Daarimi)

۸. Muhammad ibn Ali (Amir al Mu'mineen)

(killed by Abaani al Daarimi)

۹. Abi Bakr ibn al Hassan ibn Ali

(killed by Abdullah bin Aqabah al Ghanavi)

۱۰. Abdullah ibn al Hassan ibn Ali

(killed by Harmala bin Kahil al Asadi)

۱۱. Qasim ibn al Hassan ibn Ali

(killed by Umar bin Sa'd bin Nufail al Azdi)

۱۲. Aun ibn Abdullah ibn Ja'far al Tayyar

(killed by Abdullah bin Kutayya al Nabahani)

۱۳. Muhammad ibn Abdullah ibn Ja'far al Tayyar

(killed by Aamir bin Nahshal al Tameemi)

۱۴. Ja'far ibn Aqeel

(killed by Khalid bin Asad al Johani)

۱۵. Abdullah ibn Muslim ibn Aqeel

(killed by

(Aamir bin Sa'sa'ah

Abu Abdullah ibn Muslim ibn Aqeel .۱۶

(killed by Amr bin Sudaih Saedavi)

Muhammad ibn Abu Saeed ibn Aqeel .۱۷

(killed by Laqeet bin Naashir al Johani)

Sulaiman, slave of Imam Husayn .۱۸

(killed by Sulaiman bin Auf Hadhrami)

Qaarib, slave of Imam Husayn .۱۹

Munjeh, slave of Imam Husayn .۲۰

Muslim ibn Ausajah al Asadi .۲۱

(killed by Abdullah al Dhubabi and Abdullah Khashkara al Bajali)

Saeed ibn Abdullah al Hanafi .۲۲

Bishr ibn Amr al Khadhrami .۲۳

Yazeed ibn al Haseen .۲۴

(reciter of Qur'an)

Imran ibn al Kalb al Ansari .۲۵

Na'eem ibn al Ajlan al Ansari .۲۶

Zuhair ibn al Qain al Bajali .۲۷

Amr ibn Qurzah al Ansari .۲۸

Habeeb ibn Madhahir al Asadi .۲۹

۳۰. Hurr ibn Yazeed al Reyahi

۳۱. Abdullah ibn al Umair al Kalbi

۳۲. Nafe ibn al Hilal al Jamali al-Muradi

۳۳. Anas ibn Kahil ibn al Harth al Asadi

۳۴. Qais ibn al Mussahar al Saedawi

۳۵. Abdullah ibn Urwah ibn al Harraaq al Ghifaaree

۳۶. Abdul Rahman ibn Urwah ibn al Harraaq al-Ghifaaree

۳۷. Shabeeb ibn Abdullah Nahshali

۳۸. Jaun, slave of Abu Dharr al-Ghifaree

۳۹. Hujjaj ibn Zaid Sa'di

۴۰. Qasit ibn Zuhair al-Tha'labee

۴۱. Kursh (Muqsit) ibn Zuhair al-Thalabee

۴۲. Kinaanah ibn Ateeq

۴۳. Dhargham ibn Maalik

۴۴. Jowain ibn Maalik al-Dhabaai

۴۵. Zaid ibn Thubait al-Qaesi

۴۶. Abdullah ibn Zaid ibn Thubait al-Qaesi

۴۷. Ubaidullah ibn Zaid ibn Thubait al-Qaesi

۴۸. Amir ibn Muslim

۴۹. Qa'nab ibn Amr al-Namari

Salim, slave of Amir ibn Muslim .۵۰

Saif ibn Malik .۵۱

Zuhair ibn Bashi al-Khath'ami .۵۲

Zaid ibn Me'qal al-Jo'afi .۵۳

Hujjaj ibn Masrooq al-Jo'afi .۵۴

Mas'ood ibn Hajjaj .۵۵

Son (name not known) of Mas'ood ibn Hajjaj .۵۶

Majma' ibn Abdullah al-Aezi .۵۷

Ammar ibn Hassan ibn Shuraib al-Taai .۵۸

.۵۹

Hayyan ibn Haarith al-Salmaani al-Azdi

Jundab ibn Hujair al-Khanlani .۶۰

Umar ibn Khalid al-Saedaawi .۶۱

Saeed, slave of Umar ibn Khalid .۶۲

Yazid ibn Ziad ibn Mazahi al-Kindi .۶۳

Zaahir, slave of Amir ibn Humuq al-Khuzaa'ee .۶۴

Jabalah ibn Ali al-Shaybani .۶۵

Saalim, slave of Bani Medinat al-Kalbi .۶۶

Aslam ibn Khateer al-Azdi .۶۷

Zuhair ibn Sulaim al-Azdi .۶۸

Qasim ibn Habeeb al-Azdi .۶۹

Umar ibn al-Ohdooth al-Hadhrami .۷۰

Abu Thamaamah, Umar ibn Abdullah al-Saaedi .۷۱

Hanzalah ibn As'ad al-Shaami .۷۲

Abdul-Rahman ibn Abdullah al-Arhabi .۷۳

Ammaar ibn Abu Salaamah al-Hamdaami .۷۴

Aabis ibn Shabeeb al-Shaakiree .۷۵

Shaozab, slave of Shaaki .۷۶

Shabeeb ibn Haarith ibn Saree .۷۷

Maalik ibn Abdullah ibn Saree .۷۸

⁕Sawwar ibn Abi Uman al-Nohami al-Hamdani .۷۹

⁕⁕Amar ibn Abdullah al-Junda'i .۸۰

Wounded Martyr who was captured and died in prison ⁕

Pierced together with Martyr No. ۷۹ ⁕⁕

Opinions Expressed By Distinguished Non-Muslims on The Martyrdom of Husayn Ibn (Ali (A.S

A reminder of the blood-stained field of Karbala, where the grandson of the Apostle of God fell at length tortured by thirst and surrounded by the bodies of his murdered kinsmen, has been at anytime since then sufficient to evoke, even in the most lukewarm and heedless, the deepest emotions, the most frantic grief and an exaltation of spirit before which pain, danger and death shrink to unconsidered ".trifles

(E.G. Browne (A Literary History of Persia -

In a distant age and clime the tragic scene of the death of Husayn will awaken the" sympathy of the coldest reader." "In the history of Islam, especially the life of Imam Husayn stand unique, unapproached and unapproachable by anyone. Without his martyrdom, Islam would have extinguished long ago. He was the saviour of

Islam and it was due to his martyrdom that Islam took such a deep root, which it is ".neither possible nor even imaginable to destroy now

(Edward Gibbon (Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire -

The best lesson which we get from the tragedy of Karbala is that Husayn and his" followers were the rigid believers of God, they illustrated that numerical superiority does not count when it comes to truth and falsehood. The victory of Husayn despite ".his minority marvels me

(Thomas Carlyle (Hero and Hero-worship -

If Husayn fought to quench his worldly desires, (as alleged by certain Christian" critics) then I do not understand why his sisters, wives and children accompanied him. ".It stands to reason therefore that he sacrificed purely for Islam

Charles Dickens -

It was possible for Husayn to save his life by submitting himself to the will of Yazid." But his responsibility as a reformer did not allow him to accept Yazid's Caliphate. He therefore prepared to embrace all sorts of discomfort and inconvenience in order to deliver Islam from the hands of the Omayyads. Under the blazing sun, on the parched ".land and against the stifling heat of Arabia, stood the immortal Husayn

Washington Irving -

About center

In the name of Allah

هَلْيَسْتَوِيالَّذِينَيَعْلَمُونَوَالَّذِينَلَايَعْلَمُونَ

?Are those who know equal to those who do not know

al-Zumar: ٩

:Introduction

Ghaemiyeh Computer Research Institute of Isfahan, from ٢٠٠٧, under the authority of Ayatollah Haj SayyedHasanFaqihImami (God blesses his soul), by sincere and daily efforts of university and seminary elites and sophisticated groups began its activities .in religious, cultural and scientific fields

:Manifesto

Ghaemiyeh Computer Research Institute of Isfahan in order to facilitate and accelerate the accessibility of researchers to the books and tools of research, in the field of Islamic science, and regarding the multiplicity and dispersion of active centers in this field

and numerous and inaccessible sources by a mere scientific intention and far from any kind of social, political, tribal and personal prejudices and currents, based on performing a project in the shape of (management of produced and published works from all Shia centers) tries to provide a rich and free collection of books and research papers for the experts, and helpful contents and discussions for the educated generation and all classes of people interested in reading, with various formats in the .cyberspace

:Our Goals are

(propagating the culture and teachings of Thaqalayn (Quran and Ahlulbayt p.b.u.t-

encouraging the populace particularly the youth in investigating the religious issues-

replacing useful contents with useless ones in the cellphones, tablets and computers-

providing services for seminary and university researchers-

spreading culture study in the publich-

paving the way for the publications and authors to digitize their works-

:Policies

acting according to the legal licenses-

relationship with similar centers-

avoiding parallel working-

merely presenting scientific contents-

mentioning the sources-

.It's obvious that all the responsibilities are due to the author

:Other activities of the institute

Publication of books, booklets and other editions-

Holding book reading competitions-

Producing virtual, three dimensional exhibitions, panoramas of religious and tourism- places

.Producing animations, computer games and etc-

Launching the website with this address: www.ghaemiyeh.com-

Fabricatingdramatic and speech works-

Launching the system of answering religious, ethical and doctrinal questions-

Designing systems of accounting, media and mobile, automatic and handy systems,- web kiosks

Holding virtual educational courses for the public-

Holding virtual teacher-training courses-

Producing thousands of research software in three languages (Persian, Arabic and- English) which can be performed in computers, tablets and cellphones and available and downloadable with eight international formats: JAVA, ANDROID, EPUB, CHM, PDF, HTML, CHM, GHB on the website

Also producing four markets named "Ghaemiyeh Book Market" with Android, IOS,- WINDOWS PHONE and WINDOWS editions

:Appreciation

We would appreciate the centers, institutes, publications, authors and all honorable .friends who contributed their help and data to us to reach the holy goal we follow

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۰۲۱ ـ Tehran Tel: ۸۸۳۱۸۷۲۲
Commerce and sale: ۰۹۱۳۲۰۰۰۱۰۹
Users’ affairs: ۰۹۱۳۲۰۰۰۱۰۹

Introduction of the Center – Ghaemiyeh Digital Library


Center of Computer
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Isfahan
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